TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The drowning of Dixon, the rope walker, has afforded some newspaper writers an opportunity to jeer at the foolhardiness of such men. It is quite easy for a paragrapher, the extreme limit of whose daring is a scurrilous article aimed at the defenceless dead or the inoffensive living, to jest concerning the fools who risk their lives in order to make a holiday for others and a salary for themselves. I once asked an old clown with whom I got acquainted, how he liked making a fool of himself. He answered, "Professionally, being a clown is not being a fool, for it is profitable. Being a clown because it is natural or being a fool without making it profitable, is being an ass. It is what the human family is prone to."

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I admire courage. I think that the man who is possessed of the daring which was a natural characteristic of Dixon has his mission, and it does not much matter either to himself, his Maker or the world how he meets his end, as it is the end of him which is most instructive. It is perhaps not the loftiest sort of courage that braves the terrors of a swaying rope or the rushing of a mighty river beneath the man who is separated from it by nothing but a trembling cable, yet those who look on are taught a lesson that being alive is not all there is of living; that ambition, approbation, a score of things more costly and more delicious than food and raiment lead men to do intrepid acts. While the act itself may be purely physical, it is controlled by mental direction and is a factor in mental education. The dirty dogs who have been stealing the public money in Canada might learn from poor little Dixon that public applause is worth something. Absolute and unqualified daring such as Dixon's is never found in the make-up of a sneak, and it may be noticed that his fearless endeavor to swim across the lake was not prompted by public applause, for he met his death when he was all alone and there could be no hand-clapping if he had succeeded. Dixon could look you in the eye and though you might imagine that that dark and glittering glance had something uneven and unsettled behind it, yet you saw all there was and the worst of it. Give me a man of courage, and if he be fortunate enough to possess nerves and brains coupled with a lofty ambition and a settled method of life, he does not live who can calculate the benefit of that man to humanity.

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Those who grope and crawl about on the surface of the earth for fear they may fall down or get hurt either physically or commercially or sentimentally, they are but the reptiles; they are the ones who live in the moist places beneath the grass and in rotten wood. They lie in the mental and moral and physical shade waiting to strike the inoffensive, and to wound the glad and gay creatures which pass them by. They crouch in waiting for those who fear not. They fascinate with their dull and lowly eye birds with bright plumage who have no fear. It is very likely that the world needs very few Dixons; it is equally true that the world has very few of them. I would much rather be Dixon dead than Sir Hector Langevin alive. Dixon, whose stiffened body was fished from the Lake of the Woods, has a better place to-day in the hearts of the clean people of Canada than is held by Chapleau or Haggart, or any of those parliamentary animalculæ who lack courage enough to cry out "Stop thief" when the fugitive belongs to the family of their friends. There was a day when the people of this world worshipped courage more than they do now. I firmly believe that while personal habits might have been rude and coarse at that time, hypocrisy and general uncleanness and stinkingness were less common than they are now. We may call men of the Dixon sort cranks and notoriety hunters, but when we see a man who risks all that a man has, the everything which is summed up in a man's life in order to prove that he has a steady brain and a steady hand and a steady heart and is not afraid of the great beyond, we understand that he is a man, not a thing. Perhaps bringing him into the bright light which blazes on all conspicuous people, his faults may become noticeable. The absence of education, discipline, and the self-possession which results from contact with those who are self-possessed, we may notice these things, but after all there is the soaring spirit, the something that is not afraid of being hurt, the something which when mentally endowed is the genius, the martyr, the glory of history and the redeemer of nations. Then let us not scorn it in humble individuals, but let us lay a wreath of laurels and immortelles on the grave of poor Dixon.

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I have a letter from a very good friend of mine, protesting against my contention that the Council acted foolishly in voting on an abstract principle when it meant the resignation of a valuable civic servant. Now the same Council has been forced into the ridiculous attitude of begging Mr. Jennings to remain, he having consented to do so if the resolution which gave him umbrage be made inoperative for the balance of the year, that is in effect, making the present council back down and giving their successors an opportunity to back up. Abstractions are of no use. We must see the effect of what we do or we will be running amuck in this world with our best friends and defenders the principles we are most anxious to support. I do not believe in and I do not imagine that what I wrote last week could be distorted into a defence of the idea that any man should be given power superior to that of the representatives of the people, but I certainly do not hold that the present plug council represents the people, nor am I convinced that it was necessary to club Mr. Jennings instead of persuading him. It is all well enough to fight when we are ready for a scrimmage, but a man who lets his enemy force him into a fight when he is not ready is a fool. If I had voted against permitting Jennings to hold the power he believed he had, I would have stuck to it, for it is an ungodly sight to see aldermen, alleged representatives of public opinion, men who are supposed to be the embodiment of the people's power, crawling about and kissing the hands of a man who had just slapped their ears. However, it is the desire and habit of our aldermen to get themselves and their constituents into the most humiliating positions possible. They do not seem to be at home when they are not making a holy show of themselves, and those of us who have no particularly nasty share of the crow to eat and are anxious about the conduct of the public business, will be glad to see Mr. Jennings back.

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After watching the antics of our smart men in the City Council it is refreshing to turn to our Ministerial Association and observe that the brethren upon whom hands have been laid and into whose hair oil has been poured, they who labor on the upper plane of the vineyard, are just as human and are possessed of quite as little sense as those who look after the sewers and sidewalks. It seems that on Monday at the meeting of our Association some of the brethren felt that this year we should not give thanks for the good things we have had, but would be better employed on the day set apart if we lay with our faces in the dust and our hands clutching our hair, engaged in providing the other nations with a spectacle of humiliation and prayer. I like this idea. I like it principally because it is so funny. I would like to see Brother Duff clutching his hair suit of plumage and going about the walls of Jericho and shouting "Woe, woe and lamentation." It would be a show for the small boys were the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell to clothe himself in sackcloth and pad his figure with ashes while promenading King street and bewailing the iniquities of the Government and the backsliding of the faithful. This rhetorical humiliation business; this season of fasting and prayer, which never comes off; this rasping of camel's hair upon sore flesh, which is purely verbal; this agony of sorrow over the sins of others, which is only from the teeth out; this penance which nobody performs; these boiled oratorical peas which the pilgrims wear in their boots are of a piece with the bombast and the buncomb which have surrounded the exposure of rottenness at Ottawa and Quebec from the beginning until the end.

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Dear brothers of the Ministerial Association: cease talking rubbish one unto the other. What we need in this country is not more humiliation or more prayer or more religious laws or more praise, dear good brother Bare-Bones, but a little more good honest sense, good horse sense, good hen sense, good any kind of sense, but sense coupled with just a little practice of those virtues which are considered necessary even in the most heathen countries. For goodness sake let us come off this perch of puritanical goodness, and see really what is wrong with ourselves and our politics. What is causing all this trouble? Certainly it is not the lack of feast days and fast days and prayer days and praise days! We have enough of them. The good long-suffering Lord only knows we have plenty of them. What we are short of, what we need most is the citizen who is a good honest man three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year, and does not hunt for the leap year to be crooked on the three hundred and sixty-sixth.

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I am not at all ashamed to admit that I am a Knight of Labor, and have been for lo! these many years, and unless I have been banished during my absence for nonpayment of dues, I am still in good standing. It may not be even proper to express this fact, as those who belong to these organizations are not expected to make the fact public unless they desire to do so. I sympathize with the labor cause and always have done so. When it was possible for me to give more space to labor topics than it is in a journal of this sort, I never was afraid to express my friendship for and attachment to the class from which I sprang. That many foolish and unjustifiable things have been done in the name of organized labor is nothing to me. I believe in God and a future life and the beautiful things of religion, and it is entirely immaterial how foolish God's church and people may be made to look on this earth by the utterances and conduct of those who profess to serve the Divine Master. As I may be and no doubt am a very poor Christian, so I may be a very poor friend of the wage-worker, but such as I have I give unto thee, oh thou toiling masses who have such an unequal share of the good things of the world. I would not make this explanatory introduction were it not my purpose to say something pointed with regard to the utterances of the Trades and Labor Council of this city last Friday night week. This congress of labor I believe to be an exceedingly beneficial thing, not only to the working people but to the citizens generally, and I very much regret when I see foolish and unpatriotic things said by those who are supposed to represent the wage-workers of Toronto. With regard to our flag, the workingmen of this country have just as much right to insist upon the preservation of its dignity and our national condition as those who pay larger taxes and have much more to say. But they have no right, neither in Trades and Labor Council nor in smaller organizations nor in private conversation, to sneer at the propriety of preserving our national days from forgetfulness and our flag from contempt. In the United States one never sees the British flag. From the citizens of that country we never hear a kindly word said for British institutions. Their legislation has all been in the direction of destroying the manufactories of this country and bringing us to the feet of the republic as a supplicant. There was a time when I took pride in hanging out the stars and stripes along with the British flag, and I once took pains to invent a Canadian flag which seemed to many to be a mere imitation of the stars and stripes, but when Yankeedom proved itself to be thoroughly Fenian in its sympathies and anti-Canadian in its impulses, I was glad to confine myself, in those little displays of bunting which I could afford, to our own good old flag. If we have not learned anything during the last few years as to American sentiment, if we have not acquired the habit of self-respect and of that reasonable retaliation which marks the presence of manliness, we never will learn it. If we cannot celebrate the battle of Queenston Heights because it will aggravate our neighbors, they should cease to mention Bunker Hill lest it aggravate us. Because Canadians are not numerous they need not be servile; because they are not warlike they need not prostrate themselves when the majority walks past. I am not only sorry, but surprised, to find such sentiments expressed in a so-called representative body of Canadians, nor is it to be wondered at that such utterances have provoked the sneers of those who are opposed to labor and labor organizations. It is thus that such bodies bring down upon themselves the criticism of their fellow-citizens and separate themselves from the sentiment which would otherwise assist them to obtain victories which must always be afar off when good sense is so outraged as it sometimes is in the Trades and Labor Council.

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A despatch from Stuttgart announces that King Carl of Wurtumburg has passed away. When I was in Germany I visited Stuttgart, which is the capital of the dead king's dominions. It is a beautiful city, and some of the finest buildings in it were the property of the king. He and his childless wife were then living in their city palace. The magnificent equestrian statue of one of the great crusaders, alleged to have been the founder of King Carl's family, in the courtyard of this palace, is one of the finest things of the kind in Germany. Altogether King Carl and his childless wife had some fourteen palaces and royal villas to take care of, and it took them all their time to live in them occasionally. The most famous one of them, however, is the Moorish palace, about four miles from the city through Wild park, and a magnificent drive we had going out to see it. It was built by King William I., the late monarch's predecessor, who was a brave and clever soldier and unduly fond, however, 'twas said, of wine and women and song. On one side of the grounds, some miles distant, is the Rosenstein, a fine palace of the Corinthian style. Further away is the royal villa, Solitude. About a mile distant from the Moorish palace is the Wilhelma, and from this to the Moorish palace there is a promenade called the Queen's walk, a sort of a conservatory through which her royal highness could pass in going to the Moorish palace. Arranged in a quadrangle are other walks, in which tropical plants of every variety are grown in profusion. The ball-room is adjacent to them, and so is a fountain which in the good old days of King William bubbled over with wine, while bands of music, hidden from view, discoursed sweet melodies. A dining-room of most luxurious proportions is near by, and the delicate viands were all brought from the king's kitchens, far enough removed to prevent any unpleasant odors in the dining-room. The king's bathroom is said to be as beautiful and oriental as anything in the harem of the Sultan or the Khedive of Egypt. Both of these gentlemen having been great friends of King William, he had opportunities of seeing how they lived, and in this gorgeous place he reproduced some of the most magnificent features of harem architecture. In the theater, which is reached by a walk through palms and exotics which load the air almost to suffocation with their perfume, some of the leading operas were performed for his royal highness and his friends, and ballets of a very dizzy nature were sometimes indulged in. The picture galleries make no pretense as rivals of the other great galleries of Europe, but there are exhibitions of oriental loveliness which one would hardly care to hang on drawing-room walls in Toronto. In the king's private apartments are magnificent vases of gold and silver, presented by his chums at various times. If I remember rightly, William I. was a brother-in-law of the old Czar of Russia and there are numerous indications of the friendship which existed between William I. and the Russian bear. Carl, the king who has just died, was a much more sedate gentleman than his predecessor, and the crown prince, who has a palace devoted to his use, is expected to be a very proper monarch. As far as I could learn this king who has just died, with his fourteen palaces and his unsatisfied ambition, had no better time of it than the rest of us enjoy. By reason of bad health, even that which was possible to many men was impossible to him.

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Poor Parnell is gone where the priests and nonconformists, McCarthyites and newspapers can bother him no more. Strange, wasn't it, that he and his rival in Kilkenny, Sir John Pope Hennessy, should die on the same day? And the writer of the despatch announcing his death takes pains to tell us that Kitty, for whom Parnell cared more than he did for popularity, is almost mad with grief. When a man sacrifices all that he hath for a woman, particularly when his attachment and the results of it must separate him from the triumphs which genius otherwise made possible, the woman should love him well, for he has given more than his life for his love. She, too, no doubt, made sacrifices, but men of genius, the natural kings of the world, have a crown which they can no longer wear when they become the vassal of a woman. Boulanger, who has just taken his departure and followed Madame Bonnemain to the next world, surrounded his death with great dramatic display. Madame Parnell is not likely to resort to similar methods, but surely there can be little left on this side of the river for her. Of course the Liberal party will rejoice, for it will mean that their allies, the Irish party, will be united. The clerical party, too, will be glad, and the small men who have been anxious to wear Parnell's shoes will not be sorry that the time is come for them to cast lots for his garments. Ireland has lost no such friend since the great O'Connell died, and those who have been scorching the great Irish tribune for his human weaknesses will now honor the dead man, and forget that in the cold, self-contained nature the one little tendril of affection which marked perhaps the most beautiful spot in his character, entwined itself about a woman who loved him in return. That this misplaced affection, this illicit love, this anything we may call it was the cause of his overthrow is doubtless a credit to the morality and high ideals of the British people, but it was a trifle in him which was unforgiven, compared with the sins of smaller and weaker and much worse men who have lived and ruled the nation after being ten times as immoral and a hundredfold more wicked. Of course his sin was indefensible, though it was not at all unnatural, and because he had many enemies he became the sacrifice offered up for morality's sake by men whose hands were too unclean to be raised in protest against Parnell. However, Parnell is dead and his overthrow was another case which moralists and historians will use to prove that vice wrecked him, and that in his downfall virtue triumphed. I am not trying to excuse the great mistake he made nor to argue away the justice of its result, but it does seem to me singular that a man who came up through so many tribulations, who handled so much money that he might have seized upon, was so thoroughly honest, such a cold, clear-cut patriot from the standpoint occupied by his

W. H. K. Redmond. T. J. Power. John E. Redmond. T. M. Healy.
Justin McCarthy. John Dillon.
William O'Brien. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. Thomas Sexton.

Mr. Parnell and Members of the Nationalist Party in the House of Commons.

countrymen; a man whose generalship was remarkable and whose brilliance cannot be denied had to be made a sacrifice because in all that long, lonely, self-contained life he loved once and happened to love the wrong one. Of course we are all such good people and so prone to forget the circumstances, that like the mob that gathered around the woman taken in sin, we are anxious to throw stones in order that our own virtue may be established, no one is fit to offer rebuke save Him who cried out, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." I have no doubt that in their heart of hearts those Irishmen who really love Ireland and those men all over the world who admire genius and love a brave and brilliant fighter, will with one accord whisper "Farewell, and God forgive and be with thee," as they hear that the great Parnell has passed away. Furthermore, the men and women who have condemned Parnell and have been really good and thoroughly entrenched in their condemnation of him, may ask themselves as they think of his fate how many of them have within themselves the intensity, the devotion to love anybody or anything well enough to make such a sacrifice as he made for the woman who seemed to him the only one of her sex that he could care for. We who make so few sacrifices for anybody, we who have never yet pushed aside a crown such as Parnell threw away for the love either of a principle or person, may be coldly just in our condemnation. But if we sit beside the coffin of one of the greatest men of the century and watch the woman who is now his wife bewailing almost in madness the loss of her husband and racked with the idea that she contributed to his ruin and his death; can we not with benefit to ourselves think whether from our goodness and our propriety the person and the cause that we love does not demand something better from us than the cold words of approval which from out the emptiness of a life seems to be all that we have to give anything or anybody. A beggar's alms, cold charity, fierce unforgiveness for sins that have not entangled us, are after all not the outcome of the best and purest natures.

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I am glad to see that Union Theological Seminary intends to back Professor Briggs, even if the more orthodox majority of the Presbyterian General Assembly casts him out. Professor Vincent, in his address at the opening of the seminary, accepted the advanced position of Professor Briggs and defended it, though the latter preacher is indicted for heresy. I cannot better use some of the space

PARNELL IN HIS LAST CAMPAIGN.

at my disposal than by quoting the gist of Professor Vincent's remarks, insomuch as they express my own feelings in the matter and define the position of many thoughtful and liberal students of exegetics. To some of us at least, the privilege to interpret the Bible in the way outlined by Professor Vincent means its acceptance, while being narrowed down to the lines held by the Presbyterian Assembly must mean its rejection:

> The word of God, he said, is not in the scriptures alone. The inspiration of the Bible does not mean the literal inerrancy of its texts. The assumption that God furnished a written revelation in inerrant autographs could only be vindicated by producing such autographs, which do not exist. "Our formula of inspiration," said Dr. Vincent, "must be constructed from the Bible as it is, and not from an imaginary Bible. If the texts of our Greek and Hebrew Bibles show that the contents are not literally accurate and consistent in date, quotation and detail, that does not overthrow inspiration, but only an untenable theory of inspiration." Multitudes of scriptural expressions originated in obsolete and forgotten traits of vanished peoples; are the product of unscientific ages, and insufficient to modern conceptions. Criticism, which is so much decried, is not picking flaws in the Bible, but in the monstrosities of interpretation. "I agree with Dr. Briggs," he said, "that the scriptures must be interpreted as other human writings are interpreted, and in a spirit of sympathy with the divine element in the book."
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> Nor did Dr. Vincent hesitate to speak plainly as to the revision of the Westminster confession of faith. It should be carried much further than it has been in the tentative draft now before the presbyteries. "There should be something more," he said, "than the mere striking out of a text here and there. The principles themselves should be looked to. Principles were formulated in the seventeenth century from interpretations which modern exegesis would not recognize. Solomon's Song does not signify the love of Christ for the church. Yet one of the proof texts for the divine decrees in the Westminster confession is taken from the Canticle. The time is past when the doctrine of predestination of a large part of the human race to eternal punishment can be proved by passages in the New Testament that have no more to do with predestination than the Iliad or the Odyssey of Homer." These honest and direct statements were received by the students with great applause. After the address was concluded, President Thomas S. Hastings, in answer to an inquiry, said that the institution's course was indicated by Dr. Vincent. "He has raised the flag under which we propose to carry on the fight. Of course upon these very questions part of the arraignment of Dr. Briggs before the New York presbytery next month may be founded, but we cannot help that."

These bold declarations seem to indicate a division in the Presbyterian church, for those who cling to the Westminster Confession and the inerrancy of the holy scriptures will be slow to accept the doctrines put forward by the professors of Union Seminary. Princeton college will likely be the school of the old-fashioned section, while Union will lead those who cannot reconcile themselves to the infallibility of the Presbyterian popery which declares the Westminster Confession final. When the division takes place I imagine that the Presbyterian governing body will be surprised at how few will accept the Westminster doctrine of divinity, which in fact is nothing but a Protestant assumption of the attitude of the Roman pontiff.

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I like cold, steady nerve, but the exhibition made by Hon. Mr. Chapleau of unbiushing gall and oratorical impudence in his Montreal speech the other night, proves it possible that brazen effrontery may go too far even for those who like to occasionally witness a performance by those brassy individuals upon whom contempt has not the slightest influence. When a man like Chapleau imagines that it is possible for him to become the leader of the French-Canadians in the Conservative party, it proves to me that either Chapleau is so morally diseased as to believe virtue dead, or else from intimate knowledge of the Conservative party and the French-Canadian faction he is convinced that nobody is too unworthy to lead them. If Premier Abbott permits Chapleau to have the portfolio of railways and canals in the reconstructed ministry, he will burden himself with a political pirate who will slit the throats of his friends when the hour of trial makes it necessary for every man to stand at his post.

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Chapleau, who has used his own newspapers and all the newspapers he could control to effect the sinister purpose of his vaulting ambition, knows exactly how unscrupulous newspapers may become, but he has no right to imagine that all newspapers have been degraded as his influence has degraded everything in politics and journalism with which he has had connection. He may assert that the clergy of his own province are venal and ignorant, but he has no right to assume that the clergy of this and the other provinces of Canada are unworthy to make a deliverance upon the general policy of the government, or criticisms of the conduct of ministers of the crown. If I were an enemy of the Conservative party instead of one of those who feel convinced that it is the party which must be retained in power, I might be accused of having a purpose in saying evil things about the Secretary of State. I have neither a personal nor a political animosity against him. I have simply an acquaintance with his reputation inside of his own party and province which, though it may not be allied with facts which can be proven, yet causes me to be convinced that he is the last man in all of this great big Dominion who should be trusted with a dollar of public money or a pennyworth of influence. He is the most effective orator in our country, a brilliant speaker who has the power to move people and shape them to his ends. For this reason he is all the more dangerous. He is trusted only by those who hope to profit by serving under him, and those who clamor for him are the controllers and boodlers who for some reason seem aware that he understands and practices the simple but effective rules of division. I for one reiterate my protest against the retention of such a man in the Conservative Cabinet. The good in it may overpower him; the evil that would be in the so-called Liberal policy and the evil men who might find a place in a Liberal Cabinet may be greater, and to me seem greater, than even a Chapleau in a Conservative government manned as it will be after the re-organization, but surely it is not necessary to retain this Bombastes Furioso, this man under whose administration the printing bureau scandals flourished in the old government. As I have frequently said, let the Grits have him, for he is the sort of a man who would not be in the lower regions fifteen minutes before he would start a conspiracy against the devil himself.

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There seems to be a scandal up at the Broadway Tabernacle and it reminds me very much of the Johnston case, when another church of the same denomination tried to protect a man who was afterwards convicted in a civil court. These church courts are funny things. It is very likely that the man who has been accused by his fellow members of the Tabernacle is innocent, but what I have occasion to remark is the method pursued. Civil courts seem to be cruel and unrelenting, but when an innocent man is being tried in a church court opened with singing and prayer he has less show for his money and reputation than when he is shoved into the prisoner's pen at the fall assizes. If ever I am to be tried anywhere let me have my indictment and conviction or acquittal, whichever it may be, without any psalmody or church frills. The verdicts of these church juries may be just, but somehow nobody ever takes much stock in them, and worse than everything else is the fact that the trial is never over. A man may be acquitted or convicted and still the same old fight goes on, and the man or men who make the accusation as a rule receive rougher treatment than the accused himself. If our police court were run on this basis the trial of Bridget O'Hoolihan for the larceny of a drink from the bottle of Kathleen Moriarty and her subsequent drunken and disorderly conduct, would last till the grave closed over us all. I fear that the spirit of godliness has not a very good grip on people who get into church litigation of this sort. I fear, as Deacon Bedott is said to have remarked, that even under the best circumstances and with the most pious surroundings "we are all poor weak critters."

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The Hawaiian queen, Lillinokalani, is said to be dying; the Right Honorable William Henry Smith, leader of the Imperial House of Commons, is dead; Balmaceda and Boulanger have shot themselves, and I am not feeling very well myself. It is hard to tell what will be the result if this sort of thing keeps on!

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The Methodists are having an Ecumenical congress in Washington. The international order of King's Sons and Daughters has been in session in Toronto, and everybody this year has apparently been to some conference or convention or association representing the interests of some section of the community. Wouldn't it be a good thing to establish an Ancient and Honorable Order of Men who have no Axe to Grind nor any Pad to Ride. The objects of the association might be defined as an organization of men who are not afraid to say what they think and are not so tied to race, creed and party as to make it impossible for them to see wherein good for the whole country may be obtained. Yet such a thing would be impossible, for let an association have nothing behind it but an idea to make cold hard commonsense the basis of its deliberations, and nobody will be interested. The man who is willing to be a delegate to a convention of any sort is an enthusiast, the man who wants to go visiting, a person who is hunting for excitement or has some object to attain. If we could only get our politics and municipal management down to a basis of intelligent self-interest and hard sense, our fight to become a progressive city and country would be very much less difficult. The man who does not make any money wonders how the man who does make money accomplishes it. It is by always adapting the principles of intelligence, self-interest and activity to one's daily work that makes the man successful. The man who fails is a sentimentalist, a dreamer. The man who has got a great many things to attend to and in consequence is mixed up with a great many things which he neglects, amounts to nothing in the end. Citizens of Toronto and the electors of the Dominion, if they set apart a certain time for considering the business aspects of our government, would see how foolish it is to run after party and endeavor to clothe personal friends with authority. Yet we don't do it. We have no conventions of this sort, and in consequence we are the victims of boodlers and brassy people who make loud professions.

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A merchant has two very difficult classes of customers: one kind is willing to take anything and is prepared to pay for nothing; the other kind does not know what he or she wants. The first sort suffer because they are made to pay for the things they bought on the careless basis of deferring the day of settlement; those who don't know what they want have something crowded on them by a voluble clerk. The pleasantest person to serve in any class of business is the man or woman who knows what he or she wants and how much it is worth, and pays the price and is content. How many of us municipally or politically know what we want? How many of us know what the price ought to be or show any willingness to pay it? Individual labor and self-denial are necessary to the success of a cause either in its establishment or maintenance. Yet good hard sense is not what controls us; the wild "Hurrah," party prejudice and a sort of a sentimental folly seem to seize upon us when we ought to be most collected and in the best possible frame of mind to do business.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Notwithstanding the dullness of the weather, the wedding of Mr. John Hay and Miss Elizabeth Strathearn Hendrie will long be remembered in the annals of social life in Hamilton. The ceremony took place at three o'clock and long before that the church was crowded while hundreds had to content themselves with waiting outside in order to catch a glimpse of the bride. The bride was clad in a beautiful creation of white brocade, draped with Brussels lace and trimmed with silver, her lace veil was held in place by a diamond star, the gift of the groom; the only other ornament worn was a diamond necklace, the gift of her father. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Shyle, B.D., assisted by the Rev. D. J Macdonnell of Toronto. When the ceremony was over a reception was held at Holmstead, the residence of the bride's father. A large marque was erected in the grounds, as even the capacious house was unable to accommodate all the guests. A dance was given in the evening to those who remained over. The bride and bridegroom left for Buffalo, Albany, etc., and thence will continue their journey by taking a coaching trip through the Berkshire Hills. The bridesmaids were as follows: Miss Annie Hendrie, Miss Christina Hendrie and Miss Maud Hendrie and Miss Mary Davidson, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Constance Turnbull and Miss Enid Hendrie as maids of honor. Mr. C. N. Shanly of Toronto was best man and the ushers were Messrs. W. A. Spratt, W. Tassie, Casimir Dickson, George M. Hendrie and William Hendrie, jr. Among the guests invited were Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Milford Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Capt. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Gosling, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Col., Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Emilius Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Watkyn Wynn Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Hoggins, Miss Bunting, Miss Thorburn, the Misses Dupont, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. George Evans, Capt. McGee, Mr. John Saunders, Mr. J. R. Strathy, Major Harrison, Mr. Stair Dick Lauder, Mr. H. H. Gamble, Mr. Alex. Leslie, Capt. J. B. McLean and Mr. Percy Goldingham of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. George Hendrie and the Misses Hendrie, Strathearn Hendrie, George Muir, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Muir, Miss C. Muir, Harry Muir, Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell, Mr. W. F. Jarvis, Mr. Charles Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Spicer and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burn of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Allan of Brockville; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend of Montreal; Mr. D. Hughes Charles of Woodstock, and Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson of Niagara Falls.

The new driving scheme recently developed in the Park is, I am glad to say, being put into tangible shape. A committee has been formed consisting of prominent social and business men in the city, who will undertake to keep the thing going *pro tem.*, that is, furnish the necessary funds to pay for the band, etc. The *modus operandi* will be as follows: Circulars will be sent out to all who own carriages and horses asking them if they will subscribe to a fund that is being raised for the above purpose. No definite sum will be stipulated and no one forced to subscribe. It is thought that in this way ample means will be forthcoming to carry out the scheme during the season. The city intends to improve the roadway and possibly make a bridle-path for equestrians. I trust the idea will be fully carried out and prove eminently successful.

*

The annual games of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute were very largely attended on Friday of last week. It has usually been the luck of this school to have unpleasant weather for these annual functions, but pleasanter weather than that of Friday could not be imagined. The attendance of ladies was for this reason very large, mostly of the younger members of the sex. There was also a full attendance of old boys. Miss Marjorie Campbell distributed the prizes. The running of Messrs. Beemer, Merrick and Moore was splendid. Below are given the names of the committee of management: President, Mr. Archibald MacMurchy, M.A.; vice-presidents, Messrs. Wilbur Grant and Peter McEachern, B. A.; committeemen, Messrs. C. A. Bowman, S. H. Westman, D. R. Smith, Fred McKay, R. O. Bilton, W. B. Lillie, H. S. Kinnear, C. H. S. Michie, W. P. Merrick, C. B. McNaught, A. M. Ivey, H. M. Blackburn, S. H. Dixon, J. Kelley, H. Logan; treasurer, Mr. John Falconbridge, and secretary, Mr. Percy J. Robinson. Judges, Messrs. C. A. Hirschfelder, C. A. E. McHenry, Malcolm Macpherson and Joseph Irving. Starters, Messrs. W. M. Parker, W. E. Burns and W. D. Keith.

*

The wonderful spectacular pantomime, Ben Hur, is to be exhibited during the week beginning November 9, in the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of the Infants' Home. The story of Ben Hur is one of thrilling interest. The vividness of the descriptions, the powers of the statement, the well chosen scenes in the life of "The Christ" invest the narration with a sacred charm which holds the reader beneath the spell until the last words are pronounced. It has often been said that no one can read the book without being made better. Under the guiding hand of the distinguished author, Judean scenery, customs and costumes of nineteen centuries ago appear as of to-day; while the spirit of the people, their subjection to a foreign power, their every-day life, their ills and hopes, and the wonderful works and words of "Him who spake as never man spake" are seen and heard as by one who is present. It has been told that when General Wallace, the author, was appointed Minister to Turkey, he mentioned his purpose to visit the "Holy Land" in the presence of the famous Colonel Ingersoll. It is said that the colonel offered to bet General Wallace that in case he went to Palestine he would return an infidel. The story goes that he was so impressed with the scenes of his visit as to become a confirmed christian, and a tale of the time of Christ was the expression of his devotion. The whole story has been arranged under the sanction and approval of the author, into a series of beautiful tableaux, with scenes and costumes expressly painted and prepared. The most eminent artists instructed by historians and antiquarians have grouped in spectacular pantomime, persons, places and events with such skill and appropriateness as to produce a truly wonderful effect. Some idea of the extensiveness of the scenic outlay may be had when it is known that eleven thousand square feet of scenery, and more than one hundred and fifty persons in elegant costumes furnished by the managers, personating twenty-seven different characters, are used during the exhibition. This entertainment is fully endorsed and commended by pulpit, press and public and is often given in churches. It has been presented at several of the Chautauqua assemblies and has attracted the largest and most enthusiastic crowds.

*

St. Mark's church, Kingston, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday of last week, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. G. J. Harley Roberts, cashier of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, Toronto, to Miss Gertrude Amy Armstrong, daughter of the late Capt. Armstrong, Royal Canadian Rifles, and niece of Lieut. Col. McGill of the Royal Military College, Kingston. Long before 11.30, the hour appointed for the ceremony, the church, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion, was crowded with a large and fashionable gathering. Rev. M. M. Harding was the officiating clergyman. The groom was attended by Messrs. R. Cowan of Toronto and

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Government House
TORONTO

Miss Campbell will be at home to receive visitors on the first and third Wednesday of each month, between the hours of five and six o'clock, until further notice, commencing with Wednesday, October 7. By command,
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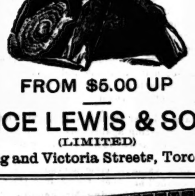
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Some Pretty New Fashions.

A VERY recent novelty is the Princess gown, fastened diagonally down the back, from the left shoulder to the hem of the right side. There are apparently no seams in this artistic conception, which is a bias costume of delicate gray cloth, opening over a dark blue velvet panel, where the diagonal breadth forms a reversed V, with the long back drapery. The sleeves are very pretty, being of the dark velvet, apparently drawing up over bagging sleeves of the cloth, which puff out on the shoulders, between large silver hooks and eyes, three pairs of which appear to attach the velvet sleeves to the shoulders of the gown. These hooks are of the common shape, but of very large size, measuring about three inches in length. The extreme cunning of the *modiste* is shown in the perfect fit of this beautiful gown, which is artfully wrinkled and drawn and stretched over a carefully modeled foundation lining, and looks the essence of simplicity, difficult as is the arrangement of its folds. If the height of art is to conceal art, this new dress has reached an artistic pinnacle.

•

Fashion authorities say that it will be used largely for bridesmaids' costumes and for afternoon reception dresses of rich cloth, Bedford cord or camel's hair, with sleeves and panel of Muscovite silk, plain velvet or ribbed corduroy velvet; a coral pink with brown, beige with violet, mauve with silver gray, and most stylish of all, white with golden brown or yellow. The neck garniture of this dress is particularly fetching, being a simulation of a tiny handkerchief fichu, with the loose ends at the back of the neck, and tied in a soft bow. This daring little babyish bib has a very taking appearance.

•

A novelty in bonnet strings is to have them of two-inch velvet or ribbon, tied in a prim little bow directly under the chin and with long ends which reach fairly to the hem of the wearer's gown. This variation of the "reins," worn long ago down the backs of fashionable girls, is one of those senseless little fads of fashion which give an air of carelessness to the most proper costume, but just because it is senseless it will be popular, if former experience repeats itself.

•

The shirt suit continues a favorite for young girls, and the new shirt waists come in solid colored India silks made with an eight-inch frill falling from a narrow collar band, which frill continues down the front but tapers as it reaches the waist belt; full silk sleeves with straight wristbands ornamented, like the collar band, with fanciful feather stitching complete this comfortable waist pattern.

•

Little New York school girls are dressed in woolen frocks of blue and brown, red and black, or brown and yellow. They are made with high round waists over silesia or satteen lining and are fastened at the back, with a very wide gathered skirt. Sometimes the front of the waist is gathered at neck and waist and trimmed with three pointed bands of velvet ribbon coming from the side seams and finished with a gilt button set on each point. The sleeves are always full. Bretelles and suspenders form the garniture of other waists, the suspenders being always of contrasting color. One more model has a gathered front and back, with a very deep belt six or eight inches, closely covered with rows of narrow gimp and soutache braid.

•

The union undergarments are the acme of comfort for the cold weather. From neck to ankles, the softly knitted wool or delicately meshed silk clothes the tender frame of the most susceptible woman in ease and comfort. Nay, some suits even go to the very tips of her toes, the hose being woven continuously with the rest of the garment. Such wear is costly, but the delight of wearing it almost reconciles one to the apparent extravagance. The union suits come in various delicate shades, but the most *chic* is evidently black, at least that is the color most sold just now.

•

Another novelty in gowns is one of steel-spangled cloth. The one I want to describe to you is of light gray cloth, having a bodice with long hip pieces and a belt. The skirt is of medium width, trimmed round the bottom with three narrow perpendicular ruchings of pinked-out cloth, separated by rows of fancy machine stitching in steel thread, studded with spangles. The cloth of the skirt is plain, that of the belted bodice is spangled, and also trimmed with a sort of *appliqué* of darker gray velvet, in the form of fern fronds. A steel and gray bonnet with plumes of either gray or some favorite contrasting color, and of course an aigrette, completes this lady-like and handsome costume, which was designed for a walking dress for a lovely blonde in her first weeks of wifehood.

•

Before the cold weather comes (the thermometer registers 90° as I write!) every lady should have a pair of fur-lined slippers. They are not expensive and for those whose circulation is at all defective, and who consequently suffer from chilly feet, these cosy coverings are such a comfort. LA MODE.

A Connubial Tragedy.

They had been married three weeks, and had just gone into housekeeping. He was starting for the city one morning, and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapped round each other, and she was saying:

"Oh, Clarence, do you think it possible that the day will ever come when we will part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss," he said; "of course no. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest. I was only thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said. "We can never, never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious, good-bye, and——oh! wait a second, Clarence, I've written a note to mamma. Can't you run down to the house and leave it for her one time to-day?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if I have time."

"If you have time! Oh, Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do almost the first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, Sissy, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? Oh, Clearence, you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I——"

"I'm not a child, Clarence—I'm a married woman, and I——"

"There, there, my pet. I——"

"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p—p—pet, you'd t—t—try to—to——"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"Oh, Clarence, don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and——"

"Go on Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh, o—o—oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I——"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me if you don't."

"You must be crazy!"

"Oh, yes, sneer at me, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump, and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll make it up when he comes home, and they'll have many such a little tiff in the years to come, and when they are old they'll say:

"We've lived together forty-five years, and never, no never, spoken a cross word to each other in all that time."

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

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CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR D'AUBRON IS DISAPPOINTED.

It was Monsieur d'Aubron who had entered. He was attired for leaving and carried his hat in his hand. Somehow I don't think that he was too well pleased to find Mr. Carlyon with me.

"Are you leaving already, Monsieur d'Aubron?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, yes," he answered, bowing. "I have some friends coming to my rooms this evening, and I must be there to entertain them. I'm sorry to hurry you, Carlyon, but——"

"Oh, I'm not coming yet," he interrupted, "not, at least, if Mademoiselle de Feurget will allow me to stay a little longer," he added, turning to me. I assured him at once that I should be very pleased to have him.

Monsieur d'Aubron bit his lip and looked annoyed.

"Against Mademoiselle I can of course say nothing," he remarked. "But you must allow me to remind you, Carlyon, that your engagement to me for this evening was a prior one."

"I haven't forgotten it. I'll look in on our way home," Mr. Carlyon promised.

Monsieur d'Aubron's face cleared a little.

"Very good. I shall expect to have the pleasure then. Mademoiselle de Feurget, permit me to wish you good evening. I am consoled for the loss of Mr. Carlyon's society by the reflection that I leave him in your hands."

I wished him good evening coldly, and he went. Then we resumed our seats.

"It's very nice of you to let me stop," Mr. Carlyon remarked, sipping the tea I handed to him.

"I think it's very nice of you to want to stop," I answered; "besides, I'd a great deal rather you were here than with Monsieur d'Aubron."

"Would you, really," he exclaimed. "Why?"

"Because I don't like him."

"Oh, he isn't a bad sort," Mr. Carlyon said, meditatively. "I'm not sure that I care much for him myself, though. Seems to me he's rather a selfish sort of a fellow," he added.

"I should think that he was a very bad companion for you," I remarked. "He plays cards, doesn't he?"

"Everyone does here," Mr. Carlyon answered.

"It's about the only thing to do."

"Do you play much?" I asked.

"Not I," he declared. "I've played a few times with d'Aubron and some of his friends, but it's a little too expensive for me."

"I should think so; Monsieur d'Aubron generally wins, doesn't he?" I asked, drily.

Mr. Carlyon looked surprised.

"Yes! How do you know that?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "He seems to me to be the sort of man who would win at cards. To tell you the truth, Mr. Carlyon," I continued, hesitatingly, "I have heard my father speak not altogether favorably of Monsieur d'Aubron. I hope that you are not very friendly with him?"

His face clouded over a little, and he looked thoughtful.

"No, I'm not very friendly with him," he said. "I only met him at the Casino, you know. Still, I think he's a gentleman. He's been rather kind to me."

There was a knock at the door, and a servant entered the room, bearing a note.

"A gentleman for Monsieur," he said, delivering it to Mr. Carlyon.

"For me!" Mr. Carlyon repeated, evidently a good deal surprised. "Who on earth can want to see me at this time of night; and we never left word where we were going, either. Sure there's no mistake!"

"I think not, sir," the man replied. "The note is addressed to the Honorable Arthur Carlyon, and the gentleman who gave it me desired that it should be handed into Monsieur's own hands. He waits below."

Mr. Carlyon tore it open, and glanced through the few words which it contained. At first he uttered a quick exclamation of surprise; then a deep red flush stole into his face, and he crushed the note up indignantly.

"All right! You can tell the gentleman I'll be down in a moment," he said to the servant. "I'm so sorry to go," he added, turning to me, "but I'm afraid I must. A cousin of mine has turned up unexpectedly, and wants to see me. I thought at first that it was only a reminder from d'Aubron, but it isn't."

"You must go, of course, then," I said, holding out my hand. "Good evening."

"Good-bye, Mademoiselle de Feurget, and thank you so much for the pleasantest evening I've had since I left England. I wonder if you would allow—but perhaps you don't care to receive callers," he asked, anxiously.

I hesitated. It was so ungracious to refuse him, and my life was very dull. Why should he not come sometimes if he wanted to? It would be better for him, at any rate, than being with Monsieur d'Aubron. There was no society to be scandalized, for, alas, I had none. Why should I not follow my own will for once? My father would not object, I felt sure.

"I think that you might call if you want to—once, at any rate," I said, smiling.

He clasped my hand in his long brown fingers, and I bore it without flinching, although it hurt horribly.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle de Feurget. Of course I want to come. Thank you, and good-bye," he said, heartily.

He took himself off at last, and my eyes followed him with something like regret. I was very glad that he had come, very glad that I knew him. It seemed to me somehow that I was less friendless than I had been an hour ago, and I felt better in another way, too. The absolute solitude of my life and the entire lack of companionship had not been without its effect upon me. I had felt myself daily growing more and more callous before the cold abstraction of my unhappy father. It was the slow adaptation of my nature to his, and it had begun to make itself felt. I had been hungering for a word of sympathy from someone, and the eager, respectful homage of that bright faced English boy did me a world of good. I felt after he had gone that I could cry, and a woman who can shed tears is never in her worst state.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTRODUCTION.

After Mr. Carlyon had left me I gathered up my work and prepared to go to my room. Perhaps if I had done so things might have turned out very differently. Who can tell? But fate in the shape of a soft sweet breath of night wind, which stole in through the still open window, drew me out on to the balcony instead; and when I saw the golden moon which had risen from behind the tops of the fir trees, and the strange phantasmal shadows creeping along the dark mountain's sides and over the glistening sea, and felt that soft luxurious caress of the odorous night breeze upon my hot temples, I lingered. And leaning back against the wall, hidden in the shadow of the gable alone, I let my eyes wander dreamily over the shadowy landscape, and up at the midnight sky.

Ti e woman never lived who did not sometimes indulge in an idle dream, and for awhile my thoughts played havoc with reality. They were recalled suddenly by the sound of voices in the garden below. I glanced downward, and on the border of the path in front of the villa I saw two men standing talking.

One I knew at once, for the moonlight shone full upon his uncovered head. It was Mr. Carlyon. But his companion stood somewhat in the shadow of a thick shrub, and except that he was tall, and wore a long ulster and cap, I could see nothing of him. They had moved to within easy hearing of where I was, but I could not escape into the room without being seen from below, and as I naturally did not desire this I stayed where I was, listening at first against my will, but I do true. But afterwards I had not that excuse.

"I never was so surprised in my life to see anyone, old chap," I heard Arthur Carlyon in his loud boyish tones a little hushed, but still perfectly audible to me. "The last time I heard from home, the matter said that the latest report about you was that you were—well, in a queer state. You were nearly drowned, weren't you? Tell us all about it."

"There was a brief silence, broken by the low, clear tones of the other man. It was strange, incredible, preposterous! And yet, at his first words, I held my breath and my heart beat fast. Something in the "timbre" of his voice seemed to fall upon my ears with a curious sense of familiarity, and I leaned forward eagerly, straining my eyes through the darkness. But it was of no avail. I could distinguish nothing save the dim outline of the speaker, and that revealed nothing to me. It told me nothing, save that he was tall. Surely it was impossible—more than impossible, absurd! But though I strained my ears, my heart beat fast, and with my fingers locked nervously in the branches of the stephanotis which hung around the window, I leaned eagerly forward as far as I could. Afterwards it seemed to me that I was very foolish. Even supposing that it were he, what concern was it of mine? Was it not a matter for reproach than even the bare possibility should have so agitated me? What was he to me, or I to him, then?

"There is not much to tell," I heard the newcomer say slowly. "I was down at Clanavon Castle, that queer old place on the Northumbrian coast, that my father was so fond of, looking through some papers which he had left there, and I took it into my head to explore some secret passages with the son of the housekeeper, who I thought would know all about them. Unfortunately he didn't, as the event proved."

"You were nearly drowned, weren't you?" Arthur Carlyon interrupted.

"Yes, we were. You see we got landed in a very small cave just as the tide was coming in, and we were completely trapped. The passage by which we had come was submerged before we thought of turning back, and so our only retreat was cut off, and the tide was coming in fast."

"Couldn't you get away by the cliffs?"

"They were impassable. We couldn't even clamber a few feet up them. We could do nothing but wait till the last thing and then swim. There was scarcely a breath in my body when I was thrown upon the beach. I had lost consciousness and given up swimming long before. The man who was with me was picked up by an incoming fishing boat."

"And was he alive?"

"Just. He had a very close shave of it, but he's getting better now. He managed to give up myself at one time, but I just managed to pull through, and directly I was strong enough to travel the doctor ordered me to the South of France."

"But what on earth made you come to this out of the way hole? Did you know that we were here?"

"Not until last week. I was at Nice then, and I had a letter from your mother, telling me that you were here with your tutor. I had other reasons for wishing to see this place, so I came over and have put up at the Leon d'Or for a few days."

"Our hotel. How jolly. I say, Bernard, you'll forgive my asking, won't you?" Arthur Carlyon continued, seriously, "but has anything been disagreeable between father you know? Have they found Neilison?"

The answer was so low that I could not catch it. But I gathered from the indignant nature of Mr. Carlyon's observations that it was not a satisfactory one.

"The blockheads! Stupid louts! It must make you feel—well, uncomfortable! Why, I believe it would send me mad if I were you, and there was a chance of the fellow being discovered."

"There is very little chance that he will be now," was the quiet answer.

"I'm beastly sorry, old chap! Perhaps I ought'n't to talk to you about it. You don't look strong enough to stand much. But I couldn't help saying that."

"Thank you, Arthur! We won't talk about it any more, if you don't mind. Besides, there's something else I want to say to you."

He dropped his voice a little, and I could not hear what he said. But apparently it was something which displeased Arthur Carlyon.

"It's all nonsense, you know, Bernard," I heard him say, testily. "You seem to think that Brown and I are a pair of babies, and that's going a little too far, you know. We can take care of ourselves, I can assure you. Besides, you don't know what you're talking about, in the present case, at least. Our host there is a gentleman and a scholar, and I consider our invitation here a great compliment. I heard them talking about him in the casino this morning. He spends all his time in his library or amongst the poor people they say. You're all wrong, I can assure you."

There was a brief silence, and I felt my cheeks grow hot, notwithstanding the cool, sweet breeze which swept softly over my face and rustled amongst the creepers and the shrubs. Then I heard the answering voice.

"Arthur, listen to me! I'm an older man than you, and I know more of the world. At any rate, I know what I'm talking about in the present instance. These Continental wintering places, especially the smaller ones, such as St. Marien, are simply hot-beds of gambling, the refuge and haunt of the lowest class of swindlers who have probably made the more fashionable resorts too hot for them. Of your host I know nothing—not even his name. The house was pointed out to me, and that is all. I say nothing against him—he may be as you say, a gentleman. No doubt he is, but that man, d'Aubron, whom I am told that you are intimate with, is notorious for being more than a dangerous adventurer, a man who lives by his wits, and by his skill at cards upon such boys as you. General Erle saw you with him this morning, and as he had not had an opportunity to warn you himself, he told me about it immediately I came in. If Mr. Brown has suffered you to associate with him, and gone with you to his rooms, I shall write and advise your father to change your tutor at once."

"You can do as you please about that," Arthur Carlyon answered hotly. "I don't care. Old Erle always was a meddlesome idiot, and I don't believe he knows what he's talking about."

"General Erle is not an idiot, and men in his position, and with his regard for the truth, are not in the habit of making reckless assertions," was the stern reply. "Besides, he's a friend of your father's."

"Well, I'm not with d'Aubron now at any rate, am I?" Arthur Carlyon asked. "He went away an hour ago."

"Oh, he has been here, then!" remarked the other.

"Yes, he dined here."

"And your host is a resident here! As such, Arthur, he must have known the fellow's character. Look here, I'll write to-night to your excuses, and come round to my hotel and talk it over there!"

"Certainly not. You talk to me as though I were a child."

"I shouldn't be here talking to you at all, Arthur, if I hadn't promised your mother that I would look after you. I have plenty of troubles of my own to occupy me, God knows."

Arthur Carlyon's tone changed at once.

"I know you have, old chap," he said, "and of course it's very good of you to bother about me at all. But don't you think that you're a little bit unreasonable in the present case? I do really. I can't help it."

"You won't come with me, then?"

"Not now. I am Monsieur de Feurget's guest for the evening."

"Then perhaps you will take me in and introduce me! I shall—— Good God!"

Arthur Carlyon's mysterious companion had chosen a position suddenly, and the last exclamation had burst from trembling lips, and in a tone which had suddenly become hoarse with agitation. His cousin looked at him in amazed wonder, and the following his horror-struck riveted gaze, turned round. I, too, seeing a shadow cast between the two upon the grass, leaned over the balcony, and with my father with his head uncovered standing in the lower window, with a cigarette between his teeth.

"Let me introduce my host, Monsieur de Feurget, to you, Bernard," said Arthur Carlyon, with a sudden access of dignity into his boyish manner. "Monsieur de Feurget, this is my cousin, the Earl of Alceston."

CHAPTER V.

Never, though my memory should yield up everything else which a stormy life has left imprinted upon it, shall I forget that little scene. My father, although his manner when he did come in contact with new acquaintances was always quietly courteous, stood perfectly still without moving even a feather, and with his cigarette still between his teeth. He did not appear to have heard the words of introduction. There was not the slightest smile of welcome upon his lips. His hand, instead of being outstretched, hung nervelessly by his side, and he did not advance a single step forward. The only change in his appearance was a curious glitter in his dark eyes, and a slight compression of his thin, colorless lips.

A few feet away from him Lord Alceston stood. I could see him plainly now, but had I not heard his voice and his name I might with reason have doubted whether it were indeed he. The face was paler by far than when I had seen him last, and his form, though still erect and graceful, was shrunken and thin. His cheeks, too, were hollow, and his face seemed sharpened. He was standing now with his lips a little parted, and one hand raised to his head; and God forbid that I should ever again see such a look of horror on human face as was distorting his features as his eyes rested upon my father. It came and went like a flash. But I saw it, and it seemed to me that they never left it too. Between them, Arthur Carlyon stood glancing from one to the other in blank bewilderment.

"Have either of you seen a ghost—or both—or what!" he asked, breaking a silence which, had it lasted much longer, I myself must have broken with a shriek. "Bernard, old chap, don't you feel well?"

It was all over. Lord Alceston seemed galvanized out of his stupor, and was once more the well bred *dilettante* man of the world. My father, too, had regained his naturally easy manners, and the usual courtesies passed between the two men. But I noticed that when my father's hand touched Lord Alceston's it seemed to send a shiver through his frame, and he dropped it as speedily as possible. There were a few words of invitation, a brief acceptance, and the three men stepped into the room from which my father had come.

What could have passed between them to cause the momentary agitation which both had betrayed? The more I wondered, the more inexplicable the whole thing seemed. I sat in my rocking chair thinking, until my whole brain whirled and my reasoning powers were reduced to utter confusion. Then at last, moved by a sudden impulse, I started up, and wrapping a long dark cloak around me, I stole softly from the room, downstairs, and out of the open door into the garden.

(To be Continued.)

Origin of the Side Saddle.

The horrified opposers of the movement for women's riding *en cavalier* may be interested in learning that had it not been for an accident of fashion the gentler sex would be striding their horses still, and that the side saddle is not an invention due to the advanced modesty of civilization. It appears that one Anna of Bohemia, eldest daughter of a German emperor and wife of an English king, introduced the custom, not from delicate repulsion to the old method, but simply because she was afflicted with some sort of deformity that rendered it impossible for her to ride upon the saddles in common use. In those days it was impossible that a woman should ride, accordingly the first side saddle was invented. Royalty had then, as now, snobbish followers ever on the alert to adopt fashions honored by its patronage, and in a few months every woman of place in England possessed a side saddle, and the custom was established.

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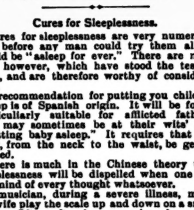
Dress Reform.



"I think it's too mean for anything, the way my—er—you know, bag at the knees!"

Cures for Sleeplessness.

Cures for sleeplessness are very numerous, and before now man could try them all he would be "asleep for ever." There are not a few, however, which have stood the test of time, and are therefore worthy of consideration.

A recommendation for putting you children asleep is of Spanish origin. It will be found particularly suitable for afflicted fathers, who may sometimes be at their wits' end "getting baby asleep." It requires that the baby, from the neck to the waist, be gently rubbed.

There is much in the Chinese theory that sleeplessness will be dispelled when one rids the mind of every thought whatsoever.

A musician, during a severe illness, made his wife play the scale up and down on a small organ. Often after he was asleep he would start slightly and then sing what had put him to sleep.

Horace, in his Satires, recommends swimming the Tiber three times! Sir Thomas Browne was accustomed to repeat some verses of a certain hymn. Franklin took his air bath; Sir John Sinclair counted, while Sir John Rennie, when engaged upon any public works, never went to sleep until his head had been combed and gently rubbed by some soft hand.

Perhaps the best remedy was that discovered by a Mr. Gardner. The patient must lie on the right side so that the heart may have free action. The breathing should be with closed mouth, and the neck should lie easily. Then the sufferer should imagine that he sees the breath going out and in, and a little persistent trying will soon accomplish this. As soon as the mind gets fixed on monotony, sleep is the result.

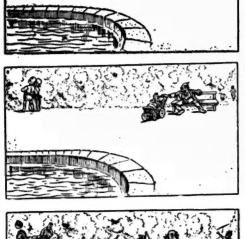
During a conversation with Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone once remarked that he always left politics outside his bedroom door.

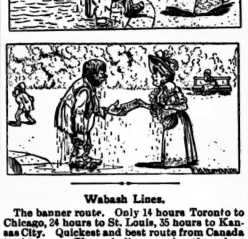
"Indeed," said Mr. Bright. "I compose all my best speeches after I am in bed."

Mr. Bright's case is by no means exceptional; while on the other hand we have some notable examples of people who could sleep at will, among the latter, perhaps, Napoleon is the most widely known.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

The Reward of Virtue.





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The Latest News.

"My dear fellow, when did you arrive?"

"At midnight only."

"Then you have, or have not, heard the latest news?"

"What is it? I have bathed, taken a walk on the Promenade des Anglais, breakfasted, met your friend, that is almost all."

"Ah, then you do not know?"

"What? what!"

"You remember De Villebranche?"

"I recall his name. I have been absent from Paris so long, you must remember—five years at a stretch in the United States—that I am absolutely an ignoramus."

"I see! Well, De Villebranche, *apropos*, married only on Tuesday last an American."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; beautiful, accomplished; a lovely girl; Miss Belle Smith."

"Precisely."

"They arrived in Nice to spend the honeymoon only yesterday; they stopped at the Hotel des Anglais."

"Of course."

"Well, this morning Madame la Comtesse and Monsieur le Comte were seated on the balcony sipping their chocolate, when madame, by accident, drops from her beautiful arm a jeweled bracelet."

"A misfortune."

"Verily, but a stranger is passing at the moment, and ——"

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Father—Now, look here, Dinnie, d'ye mound? I've been yer father, or six toimes to do yer daisy shechool—ay if I hav' to tell yez agin I'll giv' yez a bating that yez'll remimber to the end of yez days!

Son—Lay hands on me at your peril! The presumption of you foreigners is simply disgusting.

HAPPY EFFECT.—Persian Lotion preserves the same delicacy and velvet appearance of the skin and freshness of the complexion as at twenty years of age. It also prevents pimples and all eruptions.

An Old Story Revised.

The lion one day went out hunting with three other beasts and they caught a stag. With the consent of the others the lion divided it into four equal portions. "Now," said he, pleasantly, "let us play a friendly game to see who shall take the four portions." The bear having won the pot, the lion divided the misguided animal into four parts, and added them to those of the stag. "I think," he said, with a benevolent smile, "that we can now play double or quits!" The others expressed a hasty assent. As he was about to examine his hand, "Bless me!" exclaimed the leopard. "What is that yonder!" The lion looked carefully in the direction indicated, and when he turned his head, perceived the leopard in hot pursuit of a light repast in this stage of the game" asked the fox, at the same time pushing toward him a quarter of the deer which he had carefully stuffed with arsenic. "I don't mind," answered the lion, thrusting the fox into his mouth; "yet this morsel is but indifferent compensation for the venison which I observe you have given him poisoning."

On a man of substance you are not going to have revenge. Don't think it.

A CONFIDENTIAL WHISPER

Cannot very well be conveyed through the columns of a newspaper, but fortunately there's no mystery about our Home Furnishings. There is no necessity for whispering—a speaking trumpet would be more appropriate. If you are so constituted that it is difficult to persuade you, come and look at them for yourself. Whatever else may fail to convince you, the evidence of your own eyes can't be resisted. It will also prove little trouble to see that they are all that we say about them, and that even a speaking trumpet couldn't do them justice.

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An Even Chance.

Written for Saturday Night.

I.

Miss Arden sat in the corner of one of the square pews in the little white church on the hill. Overhead the bell swung clamorously to and fro, pulled by a man who stood in the porch, and up the hill the people came by twos and threes. The horses were tied to the fences at the foot of the hill and made a patient, stolid congregation at the crossroads. Around the door of the church, on either side of the steps stood the men. The women sat inside or wandered vaguely about the churchyard reading Sunday after Sunday the worn words on the gray stones. Miss Arden came from town, prayed decorously when she came into church, and did not look whenever someone came into the porch, as did others.

The tall spare minister stalked hurriedly into the pulpit, the bell stopped ringing, and then with heavy feet the men came in. Tom came in last and sat behind Miss Arden. Mrs. Barnaby, who sat next her, turned and nodded gravely. Miss Arden did not move. People did not do so where Miss Arden came from.

They stood to pray and sat to sing. An organ overhead sounded like small thunder and seemed to shake the gallery floor. Miss Arden did not sing; she played bored fully. Tom thought, but she always said, "I do not sing."

After the benediction Mrs. Barnaby and Miss Arden walked down the hill together. Tom followed them for a little way and then said abruptly:

"Fine morning."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Barnaby, "beautiful haying weather."

Tom laughed. "always so of a Sunday."

Miss Arden looked at him coldly.

"It rained last Sunday if you remember."

"So it did," he answered hastily, blushing. "Did the crops a heap of good, too.

Miss Arden looked past him over the rolling country, and her eyes seemed to see so far away that Tom was afraid to speak. It was not until he had unfastened Smoker, helped them into the carriage and put the reins in Mrs. Barnaby's hands that he spoke again.

"Miss Arden, would you like to go to church in the boat to-night? The tide suits and there is a fair breeze."

She looked at him. "No, I thank you, Mr. Elliott; I do not go sailing on Sunday."

Tom had never heard anyone say, "I thank you" before. He stepped back humbly, and didn't know enough to even take off his hat. Miss Arden smiled.

Mrs. Barnaby shook the reins. "Get along, S noker, the old man will have dinner ready by the time we are there. I didn't ever know there was any harm in sailing to church on Sunday. That's the way I was brought up. My father used to take us all that way of a Sunday evening. Good sakes! It's no worse than driving, and a good deal better than walking."

Miss Arden flushed through her dark skin.

"It would have seemed like sailing for pleasure to me," she said, stiffly.

"Like enough; why shouldn't it? I'd be sorry for you if you didn't enjoy driving along this road."

"I don't mean that. There is so much boating on the river at home on Sunday."

She offered it like a half apology.

"Sure enough, my dear. I am a cranky old woman, but I can't bear to see anyone cross Tom. I've seen him grow up—the best fellow, and so good with children. Way, Tom loves babies, and he hasn't a person belonging to him except a half brother up country, and him not much. To see him holding the little things in his arms so easy."

Miss Arden's cheeks were glowing as Smoker jogged slowly along.

"Get along, Smoker, do. My man will be raging hungry by the time we get there. If Tom would only stop taking a glass now and then he'd be the finest man round here. Any girl in the country would be glad to get him.

"Does he drink?" asked Miss Arden.

All M ss Arden's pupils had signed the pledge.

"No; to say steady, but a glass now and then when he's in company. Ah, a fisherman has a hard life. You don't know, my dear, up early and late, like as not out all night and working at the hay all day; out in all kinds of weather, wet and cold, poor fellows," sighed Mrs. Barnaby, flicking Smoker with the whip. "Get along, Smoker, do."

The sun was tipping each tiny wave with gold as Miss Arden stood by the gate waiting for Mrs. Barnaby to drive down the hill. Across the road Tom and Bob Ross were helping some girls into a boat. A light laugh floated over to Miss Arden, and she grasped the gate hard with her hands. There was one girl in a pink dress. Miss Arden hated her. She had fair hair and blue eyes and she was big and strong.

"Coarse, common thing. What can he see in her? Oh, Tom!" she almost sobbed.

Tom had her by the hand and was helping her into the boat.

"How strong he is. Oh, Tom!"

Miss Arden's dark eyes flashed and then grew pleading, and she wrenched at the gate till her hands were red and sore.

"Shove her off, Bob," Tom called musically, and Bob sprang on board. The sail was up but they were too near the shore to catch the breeze. Tom began to pole the boat up and his strong, tall figure swayed against the clear evening sky. The girl in the pink dress began to sing:

"In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by."

It rang softly over the water all round Miss Arden.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," said Miss Arden, moving as if in pain, "what does she know about music!"

"In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by,"

Tom was singing too.

II.

"Carry the table out into the shed, boys," cried Mrs. Barnaby, "we'll have a dance."

Mr. Barnaby held a lamp and showed the way.

"Heave her up sideways, Tom, shove her along, that's the style."

It was a surprise party at Barnaby's.

"Put the little table in the corner for Joe. Joe's going to play for us to-night, ain't you, Joe?" cried Mrs. Barnaby in a tempest of hospitality and good humor. You sit right here, Miss Arden, so you can see. It's the first time that you have ever seen a country dance, ain't it dear? I'm real glad."

Miss Arden sat down in a corner and looked indifferently about her. She had a letter from home in her pocket, and smiled when she saw Tom's heavy boots.

The girl in the pink dress caught Mrs. Barnaby by the arm.

"Is that you, Rose? I am real glad to see you, as pretty as a pink, too. What have you got in that basket? A chocolate cake! Well, if you don't beat all at baking."

"So her name is Rose," thought Miss Arden. "What hands and feet! I would like to see her dance!"

She put her hand in her pocket. She smiled as the letter rustled and another vision came before her eyes.

"Would you care to dance, Miss Arden? I'd be proud to have you for a partner."

It was Tom standing before her. She glanced at his work hardened hands and broken nails, at his common clothes, and then up at the frank, eager face.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Elliott, I think I will look on."

Joe, sitting on the table, struck up. The young men and women looked at each other and Mrs. Barnaby began to beat time heavily with her foot. Then all round the room ran a soft tramp of heavy feet keeping time to the leaping, pulsing music.

Tom was standing at the head of the room with the girl in the pink dress. Miss Arden flushed and then smiled curiously.

"It will be fun to write to them at home about this," she thought, and they began to dance.

In curious old figures that Miss Arden had never seen before they wound in and out, and Joe, on the table, began to beat with his foot and cry the figures to the dancers.

Mr. Barnaby stood smiling in the doorway and clapped his hands.

"Well danced, Rose, my girl, that's the way!"

Mrs. Barnaby looked over at him and their eyes met.

They smiled and nodded.

"That was the way, mother, wasn't it?"

"So it was, Alec," she called back, cheerfully.

Tom was dancing alone, the others stood and watched.

Straight and lithe and graceful, his figure swayed to the music. Miss Arden's eyes were fixed on him, and her breath came short and quick. His heavy body moved as lightly as a feather. For a moment his blue eyes rested on her. The brown curls that lay against his white forehead, with the sunburn showed in a sharp line where his hat rested. She longed to touch them with her fingers, and then hated herself and bit her lip till it pained her.

Joe leant over.

"Is there anything you would like, miss? Name the tune and I will play it for you."

She looked up at him and pain made her cruel.

"Play one of Strauss' waltzes," she said.

"I never heard of him," he answered, with a clouded brow. "We don't play him much down this way."

"Oh, never mind," she said, carelessly. "Play anything you like. They are all very nice."

"If you would hum it over I could play it for you." Joe went on, with a dissatisfied air.

"Oh, I couldn't. Play something else. Play Money Musk. I'm very fond of that."

"Ah, I know that well enough," said Joe, straightening himself and putting his fiddle in position with a loving touch.

"That's the tune for me," cried Mr. Barnaby, coming from his doorway and dancing across the floor. "Take a turn for the sake of old times, mother."

"Yes, Alec, 'twas Miss Arden's choice."

"Good taste I call that."

The girl in the pink dress who was passing with a partner turned and tossed her head.

"Good enough for old folks and folks that can't dance," she said.

Miss Arden's cheeks began to burn.

"If it were worth my while I would show you whether I could dance, pink-dressed girl." She put out her foot beneath her dress and looked at it with a smile; she arched her instep just a little to see if the spring were in it still.

She turned and smiled at Joe when he finished Money Musk.

"That was splendid, thank you."

He threw back his head proudly.

"Guess I can play them kinds of tunes. Now I am going to play you my favorite."

He touched his fiddle carefully and tuned it all anew.

Then he began to play slow and sweet with a gentle tripping melody that sung itself into Miss Arden's heart and made the blood beat dancing in her veins.

Tom was dancing with the girl in the pink dress again.

"I can't bear it, I can't," she said to herself. "Oh my dear, he is as beautiful as a Greek. Tom, Tom, look."

They stopped dancing a moment. Rose's hair had slipped down. Tom looked at Miss Arden. She saw her hand a moment; she sent him one glance from her dark burning eyes.

"Will you dance with me now?" she whispered, rising.

"Oh Juliet, may I!"

"Hush, be quiet," she said, but she blushed.

III.

A dull leaden sky and a sullen world of waters, a gray mist driving across the damp, brown fields, the crashing roar of the wind through the beaten trees and the thundering roar of the surf on the beach, so it had been all the morning.

Miss Arden had sat by her window in the house on the hill with her sewing in her hand, and her eyes on the narrow strip of water she could see. She had counted the white caps till her eyes were tired.

"I don't believe it is so rough now," she would say to herself, and then, "oh, it's just as bad as ever."

"Mrs. Barnaby," she said, coming suddenly into the kitchen, "do you think any of the men are out?"

"Good sakes, how you frightened me! No, dear, I don't suppose so; my old man ain't anyway. Nobody will be out mackerel fishing tonight; maybe some one might be out for cod, but it ain't likely. Tom has been saying all summer that he was going out, but I guess he wouldn't go last night. Sit down by the stove and warm yourself, you look frozen to death."

"Mr. Barnaby isn't at home, is he?"

"No, he ain't, but he isn't out fishing; he is just out to see how things are."

Mrs. Barnaby stepped briskly about the kitchen.

Miss Arden cowered and shivered over the stove.

"Mrs. Barnaby."

Mrs. Barnaby stopped amazed at the wailing pain in her voice.

"Yes, my dear."

"Can Tom swim?"

Mrs. Barnaby gave her a quick glance and then went on with her work saying in a hearty voice:

"No, he can't; that is the one thing that Tom Elliott can't do. Well, what odds to-day when he is safe at home?"

Miss Arden blushed in a shame-faced way.

"I don't know what put it into my head.

"No, of course not, you think of things somehow and don't know what made them come. It's queer, though, about Tom's swimming; it's the one thing he can't do and he's that strong and clever. He swims just like a stone, clear to the bottom."

Mrs. Barnaby laughed; Miss Arden got up and went to the window.

"I think I will go for a walk."

"I wouldn't wonder, now, if it would do you good, give you an appetite for your tea; wrap up well."

She came downstairs again, said good-by and went out. The wind seized her as soon as she shut the door and dragged her off down the hill as if it would pull her to the shore, as if it had been waiting for hours to take her there.

The gray leaden sky and the gray leaden sea met in front of her, and between the line of meeting and the shore white, fierce and cruel the foam on each crest rushed savagely towards her. She left the hard-beaten road and struggled along up the shore in the heavy sand and against the strong wind. The sand and spray beat in her face, her hair clung to her cheeks and neck in damp curls, and still her feet toiled on, her breath came painfully, her heart throbbed and leaped against her side. It was choking her.

She ran down nearer to the edge of the sea where the sand was harder, and the hungry waves came crawling about her feet. Through the driving mist and spray she could see a group of men along the shore. With a sobbing breath she began to run, then stopped.

"You're a fool," she said to herself. "There's nothing the matter."

"What could happen when no one was out? They are looking at a boat, perhaps a big fish has been flung ashore; there's nothing the matter."

"There is; I know there is. Oh, Tom, Tom!" she shrieked, breaking again into a run.

The wind beat her voice back to her and drowned it in a roaring gust.

One of the men turned and looked along the beach towards her. With a mighty effort she stopped running and assumed her ordinary manner, only her eyes, half shut to keep out the flying sand, strained eagerly ahead, and one hand plucked nervously at her under lip.

Mr. Barnaby left the group and came towards her.

"Don't you come along here to-day," he said in a trembling voice; "it's too stormy for you to-day."

She looked at him for a moment without speaking, then fled along the beach.

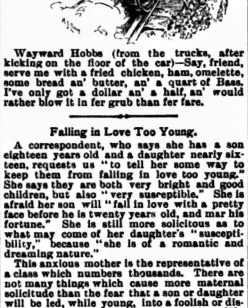
As she came up to them the men drew back. She did not even see them. Tom was lying on the sand with his face to the sea. The blue eyes were open and a happy smile rested on his mouth.

She threw up her arms. "Tom!" she cried. Then, "Oh, God, take care of him!"

In Training.

There are a good many in active training for aquatic sports who will do well to read the opinion of Mr. William Beach, a champion oarsman of Australia, who says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil of greatest service in training. For stiffness, cramps, muscular pains and soreness, it is invaluable. I always keep a bottle with me. It cures rheumatism." This is standard authority for athletes.

His Preference.



Wayward Hobbs (from the trucks, after kicking on the floor of the car)—Say, friend, serve me with a fried chicken, ham, omelette, some bread an' butter, an' a quart of Bass. I've only got a dollar an' a half, an' would rather blow it in fer grub than fer fare.

Falling in Love Too Young.

A correspondent, who says she has a son eighteen years old and a daughter nearly sixteen, requests us "to tell her some way to keep them from falling in love too young." She says they are both very bright and good children, but also "very susceptible." She is afraid her son will "fall in love with a pretty face before he is twenty years old, and mar his fortune." She is still more solicitous as to what may come of her daughter's "susceptibility," because "she is of a romantic and dreaming nature."

This anxious mother is the representative of a class which numbers thousands. There are not many things which cause more maternal solicitude than the fear that a son or daughter will be led, while young, into a foolish or disastrous marriage. Among the most prolific provocatives of such youthful folly are idleness, lack of mental occupation, and the reckelessness and dissatisfaction which are usually induced by such stagnant conditions. Therefore, we say to any mother who does not want her son to fall in love with a pretty face before the beard grows on his own: Give him something to do. Let his mind be occupied. Employment is one of the best safeguards as well as one of the best remedies for that intermittent youthful fever mistakenly called love. Furthermore, try to inspire your son with noble ambitions, which will lift him above his petty desires, and make him eager to achieve a manly and useful career.

As for your daughter, as soon as she leaves school, give her something to do, also; something useful and elevating. She will miss the daily routine of school-life, with its exercise and occupation and discipline of mind. Undoubtedly, she will fancy that the change is delightful; but she will soon become dissatisfied; her life will be full of restlessness, her heart full of longing, and before you are aware she will fall desperately in love with some mustached boy; probably a harmless, probably a worthless, perhaps a villainous fellow, who, like herself, had nothing to do.

Satan not only "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," but he also provides many ways for idle young people to commit sad and sometimes irretrievable blunders. One of his most effective lures is that kind of affection, erroneously called love, which is generated by the restlessness and dissatisfaction caused by idleness and vacuity of mind. Therefore, those parents who wish to save their sons and daughter from the evils that come of falling in love too young, should give them plenty to do, so they may "not rust in idleness, but shine in use."—*New York Ledger.*

We Will Tell You How to Save a Few Dollars Travelling to New York.

You have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Port Dalhousie, costing only $9.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, $18.20. You can also leave via Grand Trunk at 11.0 p.m., 4.55 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4.55 p.m. train the Erie run a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. Tickets and full information apply to agents Empress of India and Grand Trunk. S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

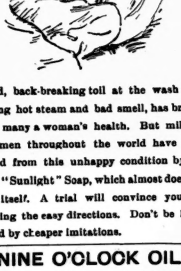
A Cold.

A cold is a very simple thing to most people, and they pay little or no attention to it. If it were some serious disease they would probably break their necks to get a doctor and to follow his advice. But it is such a simple thing that very few people, unless it is a case of pneumonia, pay any attention to a cold, and yet therein lies a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which had their origin in this neglect of the simplest precautions of every day life. What is commonly known to us as pneumonia weather is simply that state of the atmosphere conducive to colds and more liable to result in something serious. The climate of New York is not as hard on consumptives as Boston and other coast cities of the North.

They Couldn't.

Five years ago a chapter of ten King's Daughter's, consisting of eight confirmed spinsters, one girl of sixteen, and a heart-broken widow, all vowed to deny any aspiration toward matrimonial joys or hazards, and give their lives over to the doing of good works. The widow married within six months, the spinsters followed her example in rapid succession, and only a month ago nine happy married women attended the wedding of the youngest member of the organization, that by no means languishes because ten husbands have become objects of the members' benevolent interest.

A BREAKDOWN



Hard, back-breaking toil at the wash tub, inhaling hot steam and bad smell, has broken down many a woman's health. But millions of women throughout the world have been rescued from this unhappy condition by the use of "Sunlight" Soap, which almost does the wash itself. A trial will convince you, by following the easy directions. Don't be humbugged by cheaper imitations.

NINE O'CLOCK OIL

Is a pronounced success in the treatment of even the most severe attacks of throat and lung troubles.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Rain proof Garments must not exclude the air.

The old style of Waterproof clothing condemned by all classes of wearers throughout the land

The MELISSA process for making cloth rain proof without preventing the free circulation of air through the material only required to be known to secure hundreds of eager patrons all over the country.

Who would think of sealing himself up in the old waterproof when the ordinary tweed overcoat which he wears every day may be made of cloth which has passed through this new process, and, while serving the purpose of a stylish, well fitting, comfortable overcoat will be a perfect waterproof as well.

What a luxury for boys, too,

to be able to get stylish little cape overcoats, made of the best quality of tweed, without the slightest appearance of a waterproof about them, and yet a perfectly rain proof garment, no clammy sensation, no odor, no rheumatism, no danger of catching cold. See that the above trade mark is in the coat you buy. That is the only way you can tell it's the genuine MELISSA proofed.

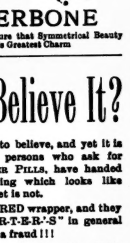
DR. SEY'S REMEDY.—This remedy contains an ingredient which acts directly on the bowels. In small doses it prevents and cures constipation, and in large doses is a most efficacious purgative.

A Woman's Club.

An exceedingly clever and original Washington lady has organized a club of six scarcely less interesting women than herself, who call themselves the Society for the Encouragement of After-dinner Toasts and Speeches. Once a month they meet by invitation at the house of a member, and in elegant toilets discuss an elaborate repast. Then, any woman who may be called upon must rise and talk for at least five minutes upon some topic of interest, or respond to any toast proposed. No pre-arrangement of phrases is permitted, the object intended being the cultivating of the art of impromptu and graceful speaking in response, controversy, or acknowledgment. Needless to say, no men are permitted to be present, the entire charming programme being carried out for the ladies' delectation and cultivation.

WHY DO YOU WEAR CORSETS

Which Make you look as though you had Been Cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife



FEATHERBONE

CORSETS give to the Figure that Symmetrical Beauty which is a Lady's Greatest Charm

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

Antiseptics, Surgical Dressings

Sanitary Towels, Rubber Bandages, Abdominal Belts and Fresh Vaccine

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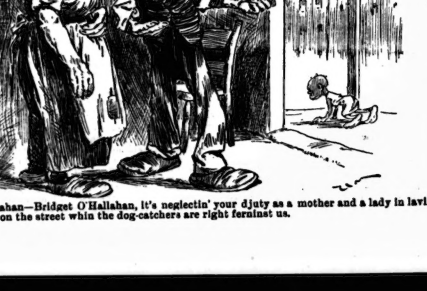
A Parental Similitude.



O'Hallahan—Bridget O'Hallahan, it's neglectin' your djuty as a mother and a lady in lavin' the choild on the street whin the dog-catchers are right ferninst us.

The Toronto Saturday Night

ROMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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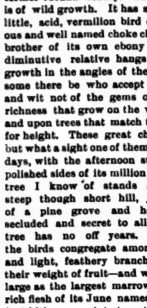
Black Cherries.



I do not mean the great, rich black cherries that last June ripened and were plumpest and richest at the top of the tree, out of reach of all but the birds and chipmunks. Their stones were picked clean long ago by the delightful, saucy crested cherry birds and now are bleaching in the sun, round skeletons of their former rotund beauty. The cherry I refer to is of wild growth. It has several cousins, the little, acid, vermilion bird cherry, the barbarous and well named choke cherry and a smaller brother of its own ebony complexion. This diminutive relative hangs on trees of small growth in the angles of the snake fences, and some there be who accept its good qualities and wit not of the gems of so much greater richness that grow on the verge of the woods and upon trees that match the maple and pine for height. These great cherry trees are few but what a sight one of them is in these autumn days, with the afternoon sun shining on the polished sides of its million dusky gems. One tree I know of stands at the foot of a steep though short hill, just on the edge of a pine grove and here has a shrine secluded and secret to all but a few. This tree has no off years. Every September the birds congregate among its great limbs and light, feathery branches, drooping with their weight of fruit—and what fruit it is. As large as the largest narrow fat pea, with the rich flesh of its June namesake, with a flavor just biting enough to tempt the tongue and a polished black exterior. And on the few and lovely Sunday afternoons of this season the great tree has a small but devoted group of pilgrims to its shrine.

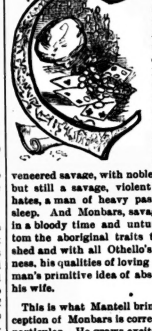
The girls put on their widest brimmed hats, relics of the departed summer, and the young men go *dishabille* in blazers, or what-not, and *mater familias* smiles benignly under a plebeian, muslin-trimmed "cow-breakfast." The dogs are the most eager ones of the party. What walk over the fields is complete without a dog or two? And off starts our party over the stubble where the turkeys strut and the plump, white pullets wander, and the slow, inoffensive geese stretch their downy necks and poke caressingly among the short stalks. Some rails have to be lifted off the fences, too, for since "these awful men" are among the party a four-foot fence has terrors for the girls. And these girls must also pick some golden rod and purple asters in the fence corners, or perhaps some belated butter-'neggs and a few second blooming daisies. Then we must stop to admire *pater familias'* glorious golden pumpkins and the healthful bloom upon his turnips, and the spring colts and fillies grazing in the short-growth clover claim our attention for a moment or so. As the goal is reached the younger blood of the party indulges in a race down the incline I spoke of and then the young men laugh at the impotent attempts of the girls to reach the overhanging branches. Then the dependency of one sex upon the other is illustrated, for the girls are content to pick but few and hold the branch low while the industrious young men go into the business of life and pluck the beaded rows of cherries. Not very surprising is it that a young man feels inclined to kiss away the little red indentations the branch has made in the white palms, or has a little flirtation—though he is quite in earnest at the time—and says a word or two about "helping each other thus all through life."

But the sun sets early in these evenings and is already tinging with pink the white dresses of the girls, and we wander back bearing some fruit-laden branches to strip as we go home to tea, or to contribute a pint or so of fruit for the whisky decanter—you have heard of cherry whisky no doubt, tasted it perhaps. Don't let the cherries remain too long in it, for the essence of the kernels well spoil it!—we take a last look at the great tree blushing now in the rosy hues of sunset. Where is the carping critic who will say that these rites which make us love the more our great and lovely heritage from God are Sabbath desecration?

TOUCHSTONE.

The amusing pictures of people in London society which have appeared for so many years in *Punch* are not caricatures, the artist, George du Maurier, says, but faithful representations of the ridiculous side of society life as he has seen it. Bishops and flunflies, he admits, are his favorite types for illustration, and many of the absurd situations which he has depicted are actual occurrences. The gowns and bonnets he draws are true to the fashions of the times, and are copied from those worn by his wife and three daughters. Mr. du Maurier lives on the top of a great hill, at the edge of Hampstead Heath, in a house full of works of art. A little grandson and his dogs, who often appear in his pictures, are among his companions. Amid these homelike surroundings, this man, who has drawn fun for the English-reading public during the last twenty-seven years, leads an ideal life.

The Drama.



COMING as it does every year, each performance of Monbars shows more and more the indebtedness of its author, d'Ennery, to the greatest of dramatists. Since Mantell added Othello to his repertoire the similitude of Monbars to that character becomes even more noticeable. Here is Othello, a veneered savage, with noble qualities no doubt, but still a savage, violent in his loves and hates, a man of heavy passions, though they sleep. And Monbars, savage again, nurtured in a bloody time and untutored, with at bottom the aboriginal traits that revel in bloodshed and with all Othello's energy and nobleness, his qualities of loving and hating and the man's primitive idea of absolute possession of his wife.

This is what Mantell brings out and his conception of Monbars is correct in almost every particular. He grows excited and forgets himself when narrating the scenes of blood through which he has passed, and his caresses of his bride are uncouth as those of such an untaught one as he usually are. In the last act, however, his Hamlet-like manner of pondering over subjects is bad action. Monbars is not a man to put finger to brow and look searchingly at the footlights, even though he be in a state of physical weakness. Mr. Mantell has one or two other tricks of Hamlet business that are not in good form for Monbars either, but the worst fault of Mr. Mantell's acting is his growing tendency toward staginess and unduly forcing his own personality upon the audience. He stalks, and stares, and rolls his eyes and gives an impression just as strong as if he said it outright, "I am the *star*. These other people are very well in their way, but *I am the star*." This fault is a bad one and will, if further developed, eventually spoil Mr. Mantell's all round excellent acting. His ruggedness, and passion, and vigor are fine, and 'tis a pity he should spoil all this by aiming toward grotesqueness. In the Corsican Brothers the semi-supernatural atmosphere subdues somewhat Mr. Mantell's robust style of acting. The effect produced is somewhat akin to his Hamlet, and from an artistic point of view his dual characterization of the Del Franchi is more satisfactory than his assumption of the *role* of the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Mantell's Hamlet will be more fully spoken of next week.

Mark Price's place in the company has been filled by Mr. Albert Bruning. Mr. Bruning has more polish in his villainy than Mr. Price, and for this reason his characterization of Laurent in Monbars is defective; Laurent is a son of the soil like Monbars, and though this does not deter anyone from being a most excellent and thorough villain, he certainly cannot have attained the Iago enamel of Mr. Bruning. This polish, however, stands him in good stead as Renaud in the Corsican Brothers, and his Iago to-night will also be interesting. His work is thorough and shows undisputable and uniform talent. Mr. Hartwig, Louis in Monbars and Mayard in the Corsican Brothers, has a splendid stage presence. He is almost a Kyrle Bellew. He is painstaking, and with a fine pliable voice, makes an ideal lover or gallant. Miss Charlotte Behrens, still the leading lady, won as much applause as ever in her *roles*. Her ability is well established and one can only find fault with her lack of warmth in a great deal to praise. Miss Marie Sheldon, though her arch manner makes her popular, gabbles her lines shamefully. Miss Minnie Monk was excellent as ever, especially in the *role* of Madam Del Franchi in The Corsican Brothers. The Misses Busley and Evans, and Messrs. Clarges, Ringgold, Bird, Barron, and others complete a company uniformly excellent.

The Louisianian is Mr. Mantell's new play. It is a poorly constructed play of the well known French character, though by an American author, but in a somewhat new atmosphere, that of Louisiana. It has all the feverish artificiality of the usual French play, but reverses the usual programme in making the adventuress the villain and her male associate her victim. The action is patchwork and the language commonplace. The scene changes from Louisiana to France and back again several times, and though the Louisianian is badly constructed, its main weakness rests in making the audience, and Ruth Claibourne—the pure girl whom the hero, Louis St. Armand loves, and whose love for each other, the wicked Countess de Luc tries to undermine—swallow Armand's wickedness and repentance and treat as undeserved punishment what is but just retribution. It develops a strong *role* for Miss Behrens something out of her usual line. She develops a warmth and passion in direct contrast to most of her acting. The rest of the company played their stale parts well.

A Lesson in Acting is a one-act French drama or sketch which prefixes the Louisianian. It is admirable in construction and original in its theme, and despite its uniform sameness of tone, its one grand situation makes it one of the finest works of its kind on the stage. Its leading character requires great subtlety of treatment. He is an actor and, while giving a lesson to a young aspirant the scene he is a depicting becomes true. Mr. Mantell did his best work in this little play. Miss Jenny Busby as the young wife said her lines beautifully but was somewhat stiff in action. Mr. Hartwig was excellent, and the comedy supplied by Mr. Keeling was also fine.

It is a surprise to see so good a play as The Burglar at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House. The managers of houses on Jacobs' circuit must feel bad to have to open their doors to a play in which the situations are neither exaggerated nor ridiculous. The heroine of The Burglar does not moan nor vaunt before everyone her eternal soul, nor does the hero go down on his knees in his white flannel trowsers and roll his eyes and call on heaven to avenge him, and make a thorough and unconditional ass of himself. There is a child in The Burglar, too, but no villain nor eagle steals her. The only thing there is an attempt to steal are the dago statues and property pepper cruet that adorn the stage. As a special treat to themselves the Toronto management should have a scene specially inserted in which somebody steals the child and conveys her to a squalid and lowly patrol box, since the scene is in New York. Then somebody else might be arrested and shut in the box and so discover her and to save her break the iron sides of their environment with his head, and before doing so the noble rescuer might murmur some words about mother, etc. There are great possibilities in the Burglar, and the play is too good to run long on its present circuit unless something of the sort is done.

The play was originally produced by A. M. Palmer at the Madison Square Theater as a summer attraction. Maurice Barrymore, Emma V. Sheridan and little Gertie Homan were in the cast. The story is developed from Frances Hodgson Burnett's pretty sketch, Editha's Burglar. But luckily, as was not the case with Little Lord Fauntleroy, somebody else, Augustus Thomas, to wit, acted as playwright. The plot is excellent and artistic, and as it has been sketched in several contemporaries I need but say that the Burglar is the father of Editha, and through this many good and dramatic situations are arrived at. And though the character of the Burglar is somewhat ambiguous the play is an excellent example of our modern dramas that live for a day and then vanish as smoke. The company that presents it is of course not nearly so fine as the original one, but is a good one. Mr. A. S. Lipman, as the Burglar, was excellent and self-restrained, but the most natural acting is done by Mr. Lathian, as Ned Bainbridge. His comedy is refined and would be popular anywhere. Mr. Lee as Paul Benton had good repose and was quietly effective, and Mr. Allen as John Hamilton was good. Miss Ottolengui did some refined emotional work, and Miss Devrega was fair as Fanny. Little Irene Franklin, though there was nothing strikingly new in her get-up, did her work creditably. Next week Jacobs & Sparrow's will get down to regular business again with the decrepit True Irish Hearts.

TOUCHSTONE.

NOTES.

Next week's attractions are all fine and it may be called a gala week for modern drama, while the best musical taste is provided for. The first half of the week James O'Neill, with the romantic drama, Monte Christo, is at the Academy. Mr. O'Neill's The Dead Heart drew crowded houses last year and as he still has the same excellent company, Monte Christo, which has not the morbidness of The Dead Heart, should go even better. The last half of the week Emma Juch with a company that was detailed in these columns a fortnight ago, will be the attraction. On Thursday night the great operetta, Cavalleria Rusticana, will be given, the first complete performance of this work in Canada. Friday and Saturday nights Wagnerians will be treated to Lohengrin and Tannhauser respectively, the latter opera by special request, and at the Saturday matinee Il Trovatore will be given.

Daniel Frohman's Charity Ball company will be seen at the Grand Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon of next week. A performance of this delightful drama fully equal to that of last season is promised, and to people that know Daniel Frohman's policy, that promise means a certainty. To readers that are not conversant with the inside workings of things theatrical, but who have seen the good work and finished performances of the Lyceum Theater traveling companies in seasons past, it may be of interest to know something of the manner in which such companies are prepared for the season's work out on the road. After the company is made up—and months will elapse before the rehearsals begin, but when they do commence, Mr. Frohman's hand may be seen in everything—he superintends, personally, every rehearsal of his companies, and nothing escapes him—no business, no reading, no detail is left to chance. Everything is arranged before the company leaves the home theater, and the people are drilled into their parts so thoroughly that there is no chance of variation in a performance from one end of the season to the other.

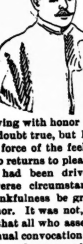
America's most important theatrical company, which Mr. Augustus Pitou organized to open the New Fifth Avenue Theater in New York city, will begin a three nights' engagement at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, October 15, presenting two original plays, namely, Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman, by Miss Martha Morton, and A Modern Match, by Clyde Fitch, the author of the great comedy success, Beau Brummell. It was owing to the non-completion of the Fifth Avenue Theater that this engagement was made possible, and it is understood that should it prove successful the organization will play an engagement here every season. Among the members of the Pitou company are the Misses Minnie Seligman, Adelaide Stanhope, Ida Vernon, Jane Stuart, Helen Bancroft, Vida Croly, Annette Leland, Frances Drake, Jennie Leland and Messrs. Nelson Wheatcroft, William Faversham, W. H. Thompson, J. W. Shannon, George Backus, George W. Leslie, Frederick Perry, Gustave Frankel, Alfred W. Palmer, Charles Appleton and Louis Raymond. These artists include many of the ablest in the United States, and they all been selected from the leading New York theaters and the leading stock companies. Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, the leading man, was for the past four years the leading member of the Lyceum Theater stock company, and Miss Seligman, who is looked upon as the strongest leading woman in America to-day, has lately been creating all the leading *roles* in the New York city productions.

Referred to the District Attorney.

Poet—I have a little poem here, sir, that has been indited.

Editor—Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't try it.

Varsity Chat.



TOM Brown at Oxford has it that no man who is worth his salt can leave any place which he has occupied for a time without feelings of regret though he may be leaving with honor and thankfulness. This is no doubt true, but how much greater must be the force of the feelings which arouse a man who returns to pleasant quarters from which he had been driven through the power of adverse circumstances. Especially will his thankfulness be great when he returns with honor. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that all who assembled to take part in our annual convocation should be in a jolly mood. The students caught the inspiration from the old halls and they were indeed merry, but not rude. The speakers who delivered addresses without manuscript were given a hearing. With regard to the rest, the boys reasoned that they could read their speeches in the papers and they (the boys) conducted themselves accordingly. I do not think Hon. Edward Blake was referring to the Glee Club when he said that the students did not require to further cultivate their voices. His reference to the annual elections pleased the boys, for there is nothing they take so much delight in as these contests for fame.

C. A. Stuart, B.A., '91, has left for New York to attend college, where he has obtained a fellowship in constitutional history.

Our library is still without an official head. The Provincial government has had in "serious consideration" for several months the qualifications of a number of applicants for the position of librarian. It is a pity there should be so much delay in this matter.

A number of our boys will not be with us this year. They were "starred" or "plucked" in May last, and failed also on the supplemental examination to make themselves even with their work. They would, therefore, lose their year if they remained, but they are departing to other universities where they will be allowed their year on the work they took at the 'Varsity.

Principal Caven of Knox College has been placed on canvas, and the work of art was on Tuesday night presented to the board of management by the Alumni association. The picture will be placed in the college. At the presentation "the original" was called upon to deliver an address, but he said it would not be necessary for him to make a speech, as the picture was a speaking likeness. (Great applause).

The new Wycliffe College building has been formally opened by addresses and sermons. This college is rapidly gaining in influence and adds strength to our university.

Rev. Wilson McCann, B.A., was present at convocation.

The theological colleges clustered around us have announced their version of some of the principles of the gospel, and it cannot be said that we have no opportunities to engage in religious controversy. JUNIOR.

A Desultory Conversation.

They sat three in a row on a bench in Battery Park. One was a pallid youth with a handkerchief tied about his neck, one was a small man with striped trowsers, and the third was a hollow chested woman, whose nose and folded hands were blue in the growing chill of an autumnal afternoon. The pallid youth smoked a wooden pipe, and the smoke blew in the face of the woman, who coughed short, distressing coughs. In front, the bay was gay with many kinds of water traffic, and the sun, a glowing ball of red, sunk down behind New Jersey.

"Ain't that sun artistic!" said the woman, and no one answered her.

"Say, mister, ain't that the island of New Jersey where they grow all the fruit—bananas and peaches and such?" said the man with the striped trowsers, leaning across to the pallid youth.

"It ain't an island and they don't grow bananas," said the youth.

A puff of smoke arose from Fort William and the sunset gun was fired.

"Fancy," said the man, "in this country they fire a gun at sunset. Why?" And no one answered him. "And does it get dark here when the sun goes down!—immediately, I mean," he continued.

And then the pallid youth blew a great cloud of smoke in the woman's face, and said: "Generally."

"We've been all over New York," continued the man with the striped trousers, "and I never did see such a dirty city. Tell me, a better class of people live in Brooklyn, don't they?"

"Well, I dunno," said the pallid youth.

"Where do the well-to-do people live in this town?" continued the man.

"There ain't many and they all live on Fifth avenue," said the youth, and he smiled a sour smile.

"Tell me," said the man, and he drew a razor in a red leather case from his pocket. "would there be any demand for these in this country?"

"Some people shave here, and I guess you could buy a razor in New York; that is," he continued slowly, "if you looked carefully."

"But it wouldn't be the same quality of steel as this, you know," said the man with the striped trowsers.

"Tell me," he continued, "is New York as large as Liverpool?"

"I guess so," said the youth.

At this moment two small children appeared. They were little girls, possibly six years old.

"There's my feller," said one of them, and pointed to the pallid youth, who said: "Get by a ser this!" Then the little girls slowly waltzed about, and in shrill, childish voices sang Maggie Murphy's Home.

"Ain't Maggie Degonet an awful bold girl!" said one of them when they stopped dancing.

"I went up to see my aunt. She was in the ice-box, and Maggie said the crape on the door was no good on earth, and I says, 'Maggie Degony, I'll bust you in the nose,' I says. 'I know you. You pinched fruit off the banana shipper down on the corner, and the cop said if he caught you he'd give you twenty months.'

"What is a cop?" said the man with the striped trousers.

"He's this little girl's father," said the child, indicating the other little girl. "and her brother's got his eye all blinded this morning by a piece of wood, and they brung him to the hospital," she continued, rapidly.

"Indeed," said the man with the striped trousers, evidently deeply interested.

And the lights came out and the wind blew cold from the bay. And the pallid youth and the man with the striped trousers and the woman with the distressing cough disappeared, while the two little girls waltzed slowly in the white glare of an electric light.

The Argosy.

For Saturday Night.

I.

Out in the West sailed an argosy
On a purple and golden sea,
The ship was of gold with crimson sails
And a costly freight bore she,
Two human lives was the freight she bore
And the ship was bound for the Future Shore.

II.

And Love at the helm stood and smiled,
By the task all undismayed,
And he laughed to see how the golden ship
His lightest touch obeyed.
"I'll steer them clear of the shoals," said he,
"For I of the ship shall master be."

III.

Then up spoke an Ancient Mariner,
"Your hands are soft and white,
And far too small for the task I ween,
Which needs an arm of might,
When the winds awake and the tempests rave,
From danger and wreck the ship to save."

IV.

"I have sailed this sea before," said he,
"And all too well I know
How under the glittering, dancing waves
The rocks lie just below."
Love shook his wings as he smiled anew,
"Fear not for me I am strong and true."

V.

"You!" said the Ancient Mariner,
"Of labor what know you?
And he who would sail on this mighty sea
Must be ready to dare and do;
When head winds flow and squalls arise
Love spreads his wings and away he flies.

VI.

"I know how the sudden gales arise
That have swamped full many a crew,
And rocks that are white with the bleaching bones
Of those who have sailed with you,
And many a reef where the breakers roar
Lies between you and the further shore."

VII.

Love frowned and looked defiant
As he angry grew and red,
"Thou liest, thou hoary Mariner,
And a slander thou hast said;
Though many a ship has been tempest tost
None that I steered was ever lost."

VIII.

Then smiled the Ancient Mariner,
"My blessing upon you rest,
And if indeed thou'rt pure and true
Then this shall be thy test.
When the waves roll high keep there thy post
And strength shall come when you need it most.

IX.

"And when by a dangerous coast you steer
And cannot see the way
For the gloom and the fogs that come between
You and the stars' bright ray,
Trust not in thy self but give the word
And signal the pilot to come on board."

X.

So the ship sailed out with the morning tide,
And those who stood on the shore
Straining their eyes for a parting glimpse,
Could see her sail no more,
But out on the ocean lone and wide
The strength of her helmsman soon was tried.

XI.

Past many a shoal he steered her clear,
And many a sunken rock,
And with his white arm brought her safe
Through many a tempest's shock.
"I knew I could trust myself," he said,
"And I fear no danger that lies ahead."

XII.

At last to a rock-bound shore they near,
Far out from the harbor wind,
The jagged rocks and the passage between
Is narrow and hard to find,
And the night came down and the wind blew high
And the mist arose and shut out the sky.

XIII.

So dark was the night the helmsman could
See neither the sea nor land,
But he bent his ear for the warning bell
And kept on the wheel his hand,
And oft as he heard the fog bell clear,
He tried for the open sea to steer.

XIV.

But darker grew the cold, cold night
And fiercer blew the gale,
And Love, chilled through by the drenching spray
Felt his courage almost fail,
"But I'll never give up the ship," said he,
"Though all should go down in the boiling sea."

XV.

Then he felt his courage coming back,
And he gathered force anew,
And straightway to a giant tall
In size and strength he grew.
Just then through a rift in the parting rack
The moon shone out o'er the waters black.

XVI.

And the sailors looked for the steersman light,
Expecting to find him flown,
But lo! beside the wheel he stood
To a mighty angel grown.
His face was calm, his mien was high,
And a lofty purpose lit his eye.

XVII.

And by him stood one grand as he
A chart before him spread,
He laid his finger on the map,
"This is the way," he said.
In the darkness and gloom while the tempest roared,
Unseen the Pilot had come on board.

XVIII.

And safe through the tortuous channel
The Pilot showed the way,
He safely past the waiting rocks,
For he knew just where they lay,
Till the rocks and the shoals and the breakers past
In the Harbor of Rest they anchor cast.

ALICE ENOCH COUCH.

The Mystic River.

We know there is a river whose mystic flow
Has ever the sound of the falling snow
As in coward rolls forever.
The pebbles that lie on its crystal bed
Rest on the forms of our cherished dead,
Who sleep beneath the river.

To the river's brink we weeping go,
To see the waves break and and low
O'er our loved ones gone before,
And sorrowfully watch the rippling tide
Till they pass across to the other side,
With the boatman of the silvery oar.

How oft have we seen the waters gleam
When loy crystals span the stream
While in the mists we tarry—
It is for those, the dearest and best,
Whom the boatman carries home to rest
Across the Mystic Ferry.

A beautiful bridge-way spans the stream,
There is a path to the gates whose pearly gleam
Lights the footsteps of immortals—
Who return to us in their bright array
To comfort, cheer, and point the way
To a life beyond its portals.

Between You and Me.

ONE day last week I had rather a funny though tiresome ride on the pride of Canada, the great Canadian Pacific Railway. It was one of the hot afternoons on which the western excursions started from Toronto, and as I wheeled circumspectly into the station yard I realized that a considerable number of my fellow citizens were also about to take advantage of a nominal fare, and brave the crowding and the discomfort of an excursion. The first party were rammed into their carriages, the train moved out, and we, who were burdened with bicycles or dogs or prejudice against discomfort, waited for the second train. The precious wheel was safely lifted into a clean little empty baggage car, the fox terrier was chained to the window bar, and before any further move was made I remarked that if I had a chair I could travel much more comfortably in mind and body in the airy, empty car than in the hot and crowded passenger carriage. Once in a hundred years there happens to be a man who takes in a situation; there was such a one at hand as I spoke, and he begged, borrowed, or bought a veteran chair and presented it to me before the train started. I wanted to keep it and have it gilded and tie ribbons on it, but somehow before I got to the end of the ride I was tired of that chair. Really though, it was quite lovely and airy and there was a delightful spice of unconventionality and tramphishness in riding in the bare, clean place, with just one's own trunk and valise and dog and bicycle and, well, one's better half, of course, and although the track was blocked by a derailed engine at Woodstock and a coupling broke and left us behind at London, and everyone was in bed at home after sitting up till midnight for us, and we were dreadfully tired and oh! so smudgy and smeary, it was fun!

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How pretty the fair country is that lies along the track of the C. P. R.; how green the fields of wheat under the golden October sun, and here and there a maple beginning to blush; a little town with its fall fair in full swing (at Galt we had the pleasure of seeing a horse race in the ring and got there just in time for the finish); a small river, a group of sleek cattle, a belt of woodland, all looking their best on this balmy October evening.

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I had a little talk the other day with a New York lady who holds rather socialistic views, and whom I had thoughtlessly credited with being an advanced Woman's Rights woman—a little talk begun, of all places, in an elevator and concluded on King street. The intense earnestness of this lady makes a few words from her of more power than an hour's chat with a less impressive creature. She spoke of, or rather against, the Woman's Rights agitators, she called me "child," and her last low sentences ring yet in my ears. "How can they not perceive that they have the power now in their hands! How can they strive and bicker over votes and female suffrage, as if that was going to put them in a higher position? Child, if they could only see clearly they would cease to agitate and strive for the rights of woman, and they would work for the rights of all humanity, the right to learn, the right to help, the right to love, dear child, not the right to rule," and with her grave but thrilling voice and her dark eyes shining and her stately, dignified gracious bearing she passed along her busy way, leaving a firm hand pressure and a last injunction, "Don't forget," which was scarcely needed to make me remember her words.

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A great many people do not believe in wearing mourning, and say with complete truth that one can grieve as truly for a lost tenant of one's heart-home in a green gown as in a black crepe. But mourning garments are impressive and respectful and significant, and I hope someone will wear a black gown for me when I am dead and gone. A dear person whom I had hoped to see on my holiday visit has gone to the reward of her ripe old age of goodness and kindliness, and her people go gravely in robes of black and I think their garb is eminently proper to the occasion. The severely plain gowns and the veiled untrimmed bonnets seem somehow an acknowledgement of the blank left by the departure of the gentle soul who loved and was loved by them. Mourning should be plain to severity, uncompromisingly simple, for nowhere can one behold a greater absurdity than a richly trimmed, highly priced parody of such a garb of sorrow, the like of which one often turns away from on the thoughtless or careless who wear the mock trappings of a heart bereft. Mourning and sympathy if not genuine are certainly better not at all, but how much they mean when they come from the heart, both to the mourner and to the observer, one can hardly estimate.

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Do you like the fall flowers? I don't seem to take the same pleasure in them that I do in the earlier blooms. They are so gaudy and glaring these vivid zinneas and unsympathetic dahlias and blazing salvias. They are to the delicate lily of the valley, or the precious wee violet, what the florid and slightly corpulent lady of forty-five, whom we call a "fine woman," is to the slim and peachy-cheeked girl of eighteen, blushing in the loveliness of her first bloom of youth. They blaze about me as I write, in a luxury of autumn colors, scarlet geraniums, pale plumbagoes, vivid salvias and stiff dahlias, but I have no wish to gather them and hoard them in my room, and I do not feel the love of them making my eager fingers pause once more, before I pick them for my pleasure, and I never want them clustering at my neck or thrust behind my waist belt for the very sweetness of their breath, and the beauty of their forms. No, winter is coming and the fall flowers may stare me out of countenance with their unwinking tints, and yet they cannot warm the chilliness of the east wind, nor lengthen the early closing day, nor give back again the spring impulse that moved me to deck myself with their frailer sisters in all their first loveliness.

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Last Sunday I spent in a dry, dusty and arid town, where no rain to speak of had fallen for a month, where the grass was parched brown and the trees gray with dust and drought. Clouds had come and passed away, unmoved by the pleading mouths that earth opened in dry gaps, longing for moisture. The cry of man and beast and plant was for rain, rain. I asked the parson why he didn't pray for rain, and he turned my inquiry by asking if I had ever heard the story of the Rev. Mr. Somebody, who prayed for rain in a long drought, just the day before the Sunday school picnic, and along came the rain, next day, drenching the youngsters, flooding the picnic ground and calling down denunciations of the rector on all sides. What suggested the anecdote to my reverend friend I failed to discover, but he seemed to think it quite appropriate. It gave me some food for socialistic reflections about the good of the many at the expense of the few, and also of how terribly selfish we can be. "Each man for himself, and the deil get the hindmost," must be true, or we should not find stories like the above current, even among parsons. The later motto, "Each for the other and God for us all," sounds better, I think, don't you?

•

There is a new diversion that belongs to the autumn months, in which I don't know if my readers have indulged. It is called a cider party. The party assembles in the orchard, where are heaps of wind-fallen apples and piles of "scrubs," that is the least of the crop which have been rejected by the packers. The party gather the apples in large fruit baskets, and while the cider mill grinds merrily on, turned by two sturdy arms, the apples are dropped in by a pair of laughing maids, and the tubs of pulp squeezed in the weighted press by the lustiest muscles of the party turning the great iron bar. The brownish, yellow nectar gushes from the trough into tubs and pails and is poured into great barrels under the patriarchal Baldwin apple tree, the press works harder, the muscles stand out as the young Hercules strains at the slowly turning bar, and the tub of pulp drained of its juice is carried out on the grass, a bonanza for the waiting flies and wasps. Another tub is pushed under the press, the cry of "more apples" sends sundry gossiping couples scurrying with loaded baskets, the mill grinds busily, laughter rings through the October air, cheeks glow with the ruddy vigor of health, and as the last straggling pair return from a final gleaning of the despoiled orchard and the sun sinks lastly behind the belt of forest trees, a sudden clang of bells and merry cry of mother's voice from the door atop hastens the last few turns of handle and bar. The Hercules remarks, "Let her drain now, tea's ready and I am starving!" and men and maids troop gally across the orchard to the house. There is tea, a pipe, singing and a dance, and over the quiet evening a luscious scent of apple juice and a hum of sated flies and wasps. And Lady Gay drinks recklessly of the intoxicating draught, which does not truly inebriate just now, but which in the coming winter will rival many a brand of so called champagne in sparkle and flavor.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Francis Darwin, a son of the great evolutionist, is winning fame for himself in London as a biologist.

The magnificent palace of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg at Vienna has been purchased by the Russian government as an ambassadorial residence, for a million florins ($350,000).

Mr. Will T. James, whose poems are frequently seen in SATURDAY NIGHT's columns, will shortly issue a volume entitled Rhymes, Afloat and Ashore, which will probably be successful in the Christmas season.

The widow of Dr. Schliemann, the noted excavator of the site of ancient Troy, is at work on a biography of her husband, and she is also completing the manuscripts of a book which was left unfinished at the death of the archæologist.

The Authors' Club of New York is a most enjoyable organization, whose members are glad to come together and doff their honors while they revel in clay pipes and general sociability. There are nearly always visitors of the literary sort, who are cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, who first came before the public as an illustrator, and later as the author of The Led-Horse Claim and other novels of Western life, has written a new story which will be one of the serial features of the coming year of *The Century*. Mrs. Foote has chosen a field unhackneyed in fiction, the irrigation schemes of the Great West. The Chosen Valley will be illustrated by the author.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, whose golden wedding celebration took place recently, is said to resemble her half-brother, Henry Ward Beecher, very closely. She has seldom failed to speak before the Legislature of Connecticut when woman suffrage or temperance has been on the tapis. She is one of the woman managers of the Chicago World's Fair, and shows no abatement in vigor, despite her advanced age.

Scientific men are disputing about a problem in regard to a philosophic hen that was imprisoned for seventy-seven days in the *debris* of a fallen barn belonging to Sam McPherson, in Monroe County, Ky. The timbers fell in such a way that the hen was unhurt, but unable to escape from the limited space in which it was confined. There was no food, but the self reliant hen proved equal to the emergency. It laid an egg, hatched it, sustained life by eating the chicken, evidently a part of it each day. Now the problem that perplexes the learned man is this: Would the hen have manifested more sense if it had eaten the egg instead of waiting hungry for twenty-one days until it became a chicken? And is it likely that, if it had eaten the egg, it would have been enabled to keep itself alive by periodically laying other eggs and devouring them, until on the seventy-seventh day workmen removed the timbers of the fallen barn and discovered the self-sustaining hen?

The Electrical Exposition at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The ex-Alderman and I went to the Electrical Exposition at Frankfort, a city of great commercial importance, about an hour's ride from Wiesbaden. Its merchants and bankers once controlled as great a trade as was then done in London. It is the city of the Rothschilds, the cradle of printing and the land of promise for the long-headed Jew. Its opera house is grand beyond comparison, enormous beyond description; its exchange must be seen to be appreciated: its crooked streets, its fine park and excellent tram service indicate that it is keeping pace with the progress of the world. Last week I had occasion to mention that its railway station was the finest in the world. Its Jewish quarter is a chapter by itself. I do not speak disrespectfully of the gentlemen who wear long beards and hooked noses, but it is a solemn fact that their acquaintance with hot water is not as intimate as it should be, nor is Hebrew Germany the cleanest section of that country.

The Jews have had a vast influence in Germany, and to-day control a very large part of the banking and mercantile business. The Jewish characteristics both mental and physical are very noticeable, but in Frankfort the Jews, by reason of the enormous wealth and success of the Rothschilds and other representatives of the tribes, have a peculiarly good position.

The British consul—I forget his name—with whom the ex-Alderman had some business, lives in a palatial residence, and we were ushered from the gateway by a liveried servant who showed us politeness which had no other meaning than the expectation of a handsome tip. When we were ushered into the room where his royal highness the consul presided, we were confronted by a gentleman of *distingue* and Hebraic appearance, who always stares at one as if expecting to be asked to discount a bill. His blotting pad was embossed with V. R. in a way that made it impossible to write on it or over it, and he was also embossed in several spots with the same conspicuous insignia. He may suit the ideas of the Jewish quarter as to what is dignified and necessary in a consul, but to my mind his place is in a hard scramble office in a bank or as conductor of a flash pawnbroker shop. However, he softened down considerably when he found we didn't want to borrow money, and finally became almost as polite as a tailor who has just sold a suit of clothes.

The Electrical Exposition has been a grand success, though it is extremely technical in its character and consequently limited in its interest, yet it has been visited by those who desire to know something about electricity, from the world over. The shrewd gentlemen who manages it succeed in confiscating nearly all the profits of every side-show and exhibitor, and to the management it must be a great financial success. Amongst the many things which I could not appreciate was one line which seemed a nice thing for a country road,

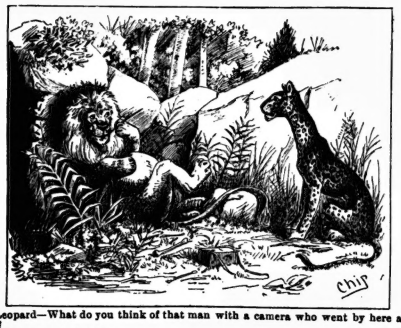
THE COUNTRY ABOUT FRANKFORT.

carriages and sleighs with electric lights at the end of the pole, fed by batteries under the driver's seat. The interior of the carriage was also illuminated. However, though this might be useful where noblemen live, outside of cities and past the line of illumination it is doubtful whether it would pay farmers to have an electric light on the end of their wagon tongue in Canada.

There was a very amusing side-show called the Air Garden. The illusion was caused by mirrors fixed at many and deceptive angles, and when one entered the labyrinth it was impossible to find the way without feeling with the hand which was the glass and which was the aperture through which you were expected to pass. Lenses of all sorts distorted and multiplied the visage and figure of the visitor until one could see oneself reflected three or four hundred times. Thus the visitor was in a multitude of people bearing his likeness, but varying in height from twenty feet to two, and apparently differing in weight from ten pounds to a thousand. It was exceedingly funny, and a similar snap in Canada would make a great deal of money. The proprietor told me it would take about four or five thousand dollars to provide the mirrors and land the whole business in America, including the stairways, wax figures, flowers and palms which give the whole affair a more or less oriental appearance.

The electrical power which illuminated the large grounds of the Exposition and moved the machinery, was transmitted from the falls on the river Neckar, some hundred and six miles distant, and the world watched the experiment of the transmission of power over this long distance with a vast deal of interest. It demonstrated the possibility of illuminating our streets and moving our machinery by utilizing a small fraction of the power of Niagara. As to the exact percentage of loss in transmission or whether it could be made to pay at the present stage of development of the science of transmission, I found it impossible to learn, but very shortly indeed the whole statement of the case will be given to the public.

One of the curiosities of the place was an American bar. This sort of thing is supposed to be attractive to American visitors, and is organized with the idea of extorting prices which could be exacted nowhere else. This



The Leopard—What do you think of that man with a camera who went by here about an hour ago?

Lion—Oh, he's out of sight.

particular American bar had no American drinks for sale, and not a person in it could speak English. As a matter of fact there were only two people in it, a man—and a woman who appeared to be his wife—and it was an utter failure, yet it remains a fact that similar enterprises are an enormous success throughout the continent and in England where tourists gather.

Another novelty was the Cyclorama, erected to advertise the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. The entrance fee was twelve and a half cents, and after entering the door the visitor found himself on the salon deck of the German steamship Laahn. The staterooms, salon and dining salon are exhibited in reality, and the magnificence of the equipment of this steamer and of the line to which it belongs could not but be impressed on every visitor. The gorgeous upholstery and luxuriousness of the rooms are an exact reproduction of the real model of the ship. Climbing up the most natural sort of a gangway one reaches the deck and beholds the ship entering New York harbor. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty illuminating the world is at the right, and Manhattan Island and the other islands which cluster about the harbor are presented to view. It is a realistic and really excellent reproduction of the impression one receives on entering New York harbor from the ocean. As an advertisement for New York city and the North German Lloyd Steamship Company I could imagine nothing better, and the crowds which have visited the Cyclorama, making the space almost impossible to admit the throng, must be gratifying to the astute managers who thought of the scheme.

If I might be permitted to make a suggestion to the managers of our exhibition, electricity might be made one of the most attractive features of next year. Such developments as the phonograph, the electrical theater, the presentation of scenes and plays by Edison's new process and a distinctly electrical feature embracing only those things of popular interest, might be made very interesting.

I never saw a better example of the difference between an English and American party of tourists than I noticed at the Exposition at Frankfort. A company of American ladies and gentlemen gathered at one of the numerous wine shops supposed to represent one of the famous *cafes* of Buda Pesth. With very little ostentation they spent a great deal of money and got very elaborately cheated out of more than half of it. At another booth the ex-Alderman and I sat and drank a little bottle of Rhine wine and watched an English party consisting of eight or ten people, refreshing themselves. There was much discussion as to the proper thing to order, and milady, who was a very handsome and distinguished person, seemed quite uncertain as to what would suit her palate and digestion. After they had entertained themselves it made the ex-Alderman and myself laugh to hear the waiter counting up the pfennings. Milady had had a glass of Rhine wine; there were two coffees and five or six ice waters, the whole business amounting to a little over one mark, but falling considerably short of half a dollar. The waiters in the two cases behaved vastly differently. The Americans were served rudely and almost with contempt, while the English, who made so much fuss and afforded the wine shop so little wool, were addressed in the most obsequious manner.

The American has done much to spoil pleasure and economy of traveling by his wastefulness. Possibly it is the only way he has of attracting attention or of obtaining anything like good service, but the man who gives the biggest tip, unless he has that high-up and gilt-edged bearing which some of these titled people have acquired, is laughed at and treated as a fool who is rapidly being separated from his wealth.

DON.

Art Notes.

I was up at the cosy little studio of Mr. Fred Challener, A.R.C.A., recently, and many were the gems shown me, the majority being this summer's work, one hundred and fifteen pictures in water color and oil, and I may say that this collection surpasses the most sanguine expectation of his friends. Among the pictures A Summer Day, The Crooked Path and A Bit of Meadow pleased me most. The collection will be on exhibition at Oliver, Coate & Co.'s auction rooms next week, and will be sold there on Wednesday next. Those who really have the advancement of the fine arts of Canada at heart should not fail to go, as Mr. Challener leaves shortly for the Mother Country and his works, which were the talk of the O. S. A. spring exhibition, will be scarce. He goes to Paris for three years of study.

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Poultney Bigelow, Frank Millet (vice-president of the National Academy), and Alfred Parsons, the English draughtsman, whose work has frequently appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, recently made a canoe trip together down the Danube, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea.

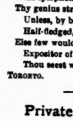
Tennyson.

For Saturday Night.

Exemplar of poetic art, I bring
To thee this tribute of a grateful heart;
However much of merit falls it short,
I in sincerity this sonnet sing.
Thy lute hath never a discordant string;
Thou handlest it with something more than art.
Its chords are blent where intuitions start;
With symphonies of thought thou make'st it ring.
Thy genius strikes the poetaster dumb,
Unless, by borrowed inspiration, he,
Half-fledged, should rise in higher flights of song,
Else few would brook the ditties he would thrum.
Expositor of pure psychology,
Thou seest what divideth right from wrong.

TORONTO. WILLIAM T. JAMES

Private and Public Schools.



IN many places the higher classes are wont to send their children to private schools, and seem even more and more disposed to do it. For this they have three possible reasons. Let us examine them briefly.

One class of parents prefer the private schools because they wish their children to be thrown among the sons of the rich and the influential. They would make their children toadies to their betters and snobs to their poorer companions. Compare this education with the manly self-respect cultivated in the public school, and it must be seen that the ambitious father has made a grave mistake.

A second class of parents select the private school as a reformatory for wild sons. The father cannot guard his boy's character, for he is too busied with his money-making. Nor can the mother, for she is a lady of fashion and her time is filled with social engagements. So the son's bad character is intrusted to a hired stranger, the master of a private boarding-school. But here temptations are infinitely thicker. The very strictness of the rules makes the boy anxious to evade them. A few wild boys under such restraint can plot more wickedness in an hour than a solitary scoundrel could concoct in a month. Every one who has talked with pupils of many a private boarding-school knows the vice that goes on before the very eye of the unsuspecting master. The only healthful place to reform a bad boy is at home. The private boarding-school as a reformatory is a whited sepulchre.

Parents may prefer the private school because the public school at home is poorly taught. This third reason seems more honorable: every good parent should give his son the best education possible. But should he be content to have the public school only second-rate? Men of cultivation have most influence in matters of public education. They ought to use that influence. But it is certain that they never will use it fully, till their own children are in the public schools. Then they will know each detail of method; they will demand the best teachers; they will see to it that the latest improvements are adopted; and they will make this public school the equal of the best school in the land. Thus not only shall their own children be as well taught as elsewhere but a whole community shall be benefited.

The private school may be more fashionable than the public school; it is certainly superior in nothing else. The typical pupil of the private boarding school is the philistine child; he has plenty of money and spends it freely on what only harms his better nature; he is shallow and sordid, but he makes great pretenses, and is supremely satisfied with his littleness. The typical pupil of the public school is the boy who is not rich and is not very cultivated. His code of honor or of manners is not burdened by conventionalities; he values your son for his manliness and pluck, not at all for the shape of his collar or the size of his cravat. He is uncouth; but when once real refinement is brought to him, he admits its charm and is anxious to win some of its richness. Is it not better for your own son, if you be a rich man, that he avoid this lifeless, conventional boy of fashion, and find a playmate in the bright, hearty, it may be, rough boy from the middle class or from the home of poverty?—*New England Magazine.*

Would This be the Case?

Bunting—There is one objection to the adoption of the legal profession by women.

Mrs. Bunting—Name it.

Bunting—When elevated to the bench a female jurist would find it necessary to add postscripts to her opinions.

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

Dower'd with the hate of hatred, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.—*Tennyson.*

The spring day was chilly. A fire glowed invitingly in the grate in the private office of the Universal Information Bureau, near Grand Central Depot on Forty-second street, New York city. The office was evidently tenanted by women, if one should judge by its lace curtains, its rugs and its stuffed chairs and pictures. A huge sleepy, hollow chair and a tiny stand draped with a silken scarf and holding a work-box and a bowl of flowers stood near the grate. A small woman occupied the chair. A table neatly arranged for writing, book-shelves filled with volumes, and a tempting couch piled with soft cushions added to the pleasant first impression. A screen of natural wood, hand-painted, shut off the doorway, draped with a *portiere*, leading into the outer offices.

"Miss Campbell!" a girl said, peeping around the screen, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and hair of reddish gold; a neat girl, too, with her becoming dress, embroidered black silk apron, her snowy collar and cuffs.

"Yes!" The small woman in the sleepy hollow turned a bright, interested face toward the tall young girl. "What is it, Miss Rundall!"

"A lady wishes particularly to see you, Miss Campbell. Shall I show her in here?"

"Who is she, Miss Rundall?"

"She is a stranger. She gave no name. 'Particular business with the proprietor,' was all that she said. An elderly woman, with white hair, Miss Campbell."

"Admit her, of course, Miss Rundall. I was specially engaged, but my time is not my own, and time is money."

Miss Randall turned away, smiling. She and Miss Campbell were friends as well as employer and employee. When she reached, which was almost immediately, she ushered in the importunate visitor. The new-comer was a tall woman, whose snow-white hair was due to mental rather than physical causes, judging from the face and eyes vivid with life and fire. She moved like one in a dream, entering the room noiselessly, a prepossessing, if very expressive in the eyes, an intentness in the face that at once instinctively roused one's attention.

"Good morning, madame," said Miss Campbell, rising, a smile upon her lips, as she wheeled a chair nearer the fire. "Pray, be seated. What can I do for you this morning?"

The new-comer seated herself slowly and deliberately, still with the far-away manner, without returning Miss Campbell's salutation. But Miss Campbell only smiled. She met many peculiar persons in her position, and learned considerable of human nature. She quietly reseated herself in the green chair before the fire, resuming the plush table-scarf which she was embroidering upon the announcement of her visitor. Miss Campbell in her struggle with life combined many kinds of work.

Presently the woman addressed her. From under her half-closed lids she had been regarding the piquant face, and was evidently satisfied.

"I like you," she said, without other introductory words, yet not abruptly. She spoke as one does who has but resumed conversation after a short silence. "I think that you can help me."

Miss Campbell nodded brightly.

"I am here for that—to help those who need my assistance," she said. "What can I do for you, madam?"

The woman did not at once reply. She reclined easily in her chair with half-closed eyes and a preoccupied face. She seemed utterly to forget herself and her surroundings. Rather an uncanny way she had, Lida Campbell thought.

"My name is Olive Price," said the woman, after a long pause. "Perhaps you have heard of me?"

Miss Campbell shook her head deprecatingly.

"There are so many people in New York," she said.

The woman was quite unmoved.

"It is of no consequence," she said. "I merely spoke of it as an introduction. Your lack of knowledge regarding me proves that you are not an enemy. All my enemies know my name."

"It seems impossible for you to have enemies," said Lida, gently. She was strangely at once attracted and repelled by this woman with the slumberous face and eyes—though she were in the presence of a crater that might at any moment leap to flaming destruction. The calm face now wakened suddenly, as though indeed some inward fire had been touched to life.

"I have enemies—yes!" she said intensely, with a passionate gesture of her hands, as she leaned forward toward her companion. "That is why I am come to you. I am poor. I was once rich and beautiful, they said—not so long ago, either," she added, falling as swiftly into sadness. "It is not years that kill!"

Lida shook her head.

"It is not," she said, kindly; "but you should not speak of having lost your beauty, madam."

A frown touched the broad, white brow; the black eyes were clear as steel, as they scanned the sweet, young face; a new hauteur was in her manner.

"I did not come for compliments," she said, coldly. "You may find them remunerative with others; not with me."

"That is uttered like a true American," Lida replied, laughing. "I like you all the better for it, madam."

The woman did not reply; she appeared not even to hear Miss Campbell; the knit brows denoted intense thought. Presently she spoke with her peculiar soft abruptness.

"You know of Walker Paling, Miss Campbell?"

Lida laughed.

"Of course. Every one knows of our great novelist, madam."

"He writes peculiar romances, does he not, Miss Campbell?"

Miss Campbell shrugged her shoulders.

"Decidedly original," she replied; "scarcely probable, madam. Pardon my frankness if he is your friend."

The inner fire once more touched to life the quiet face, and the black eyes blazed.

"He is more than a friend," she said, fiercely "he was my lover, Miss Campbell, before he turned from me—wearied of me. I loved him then. Not now! not since he wrote of me as hid himself from me. Ah, it is not years have whitened my hair and made me old in youth! Do you believe in hypnotism, Miss Campbell?"

"No," Miss Campbell replied, coldly, a touch of scorn upon her face.

"Then," said the woman, evenly, "I fear you will find it difficult to believe what I have to say, Miss Campbell. But I must say it. I came for that, feeling that you would help me, and you must. Since my lover went away I have been very ill. As I told you, not long ago I was rich; my brother and I were sole heirs to the fortune left by our parents; to-day the beggar in the street is richer than I. During my illness I was attended by Dr. Oldham. I was at a hotel and had no friends save him. When I recovered he sent me a bill for what amounted to more than eighty dollars. I was, of course, unable to pay it, and he took from me as security the only valuable thing which I possessed—a manuscript upon which I had worked for months. This was specially valuable because it was not written as general writers do their work. This was composed only during the time these trances were upon me, and much of it is in hieroglyphics. Hypnotism places infinite power in me. Your great novelist—this Walker Paling, my old lover—wrote his greatest novels while under my influence! They are more mine than his, and what return have I?"

Her voice was intensely bitter, and a short silence ensued. Lida was half repelled, half fascinated by her visitor's voice and manner.

"Is your manuscript a novel, madam?" she asked presently.

"Yes," was the slow reply; "although it treats of medical topics, and was taken in medical college with Dr. Oldham. We were classmates. That is why he was kind to me during my illness."

"If you and he belong to the same profession, I call it anything but kind to send you a bill for services," said Miss Campbell, indignantly. "It is not customary, madam, and a man with Dr. Oldham's wealth and reputation does not need the money."

"No," said the woman, reluctantly. "I think that he did not take it solely for that, Miss Campbell."

"Then, why, if I may ask, madam?"

"Because—the woman seemed compelled to reply—"I wished to publish it, and—he considered it unwise."

"Is there anything objectionable in it, madam?"

"He—thought so but—he did not write it."

"Certainly not," said Miss Campbell, crisply. Her first impression that her visitor was of unsound mind was considerably strengthened.

"But what can I do for you? How can I assist you, madam?"

"I would like you to recover the manuscript for me, Miss Campbell. I wish to have it published; it contains remarkable things that the world should know. You negotiate with publishers, do you not?"

"Yes; but only for perfectly legal manuscripts, madam."

"This is perfectly legal," was the calm reply. "You, not being a hypnotic, may doubt it. I wish you to secure it for me and promote a typewriter operator. It should be copied, should it not? But I must dictate it to the operator myself. How much will it cost? There should be nearly five hundred pages when it is printed; it is very large."

"Yes," said Miss Campbell, still coldly. She had little interest in this strange visitor; she must be both cautious and courteous, but she need be no more. "Could you not reduce it somewhat? I think I could get it copied for you for one hundred dollars, judging, of course, from what you say."

"That is a good deal to pay for merely copying; still, if you consider it wise, I will leave it with you to secure the operator, if you obtain the manuscript. Dr. Oldham will verify my statements. I have told you the truth."

"I will do what I can, madam. Dr. Oldham should willingly return it to you, unless he has good reason for retaining it."

"He has no reason!" the woman said, in sudden passion. "Is not my soul, my life itself, in it? Is it not mine?"

"But if he considers that its publication is unwise, he would not be truly your friend to yield it to you," Lida gravely replied. "You must not expect too much from my going to him. If you failed, how can I hope for success?"

"You can get it if you will," was the answer. "If you will have an operator here to meet me, I can arrange about the copying. That is, if you do get the manuscript. I must have some reason, intelligent girl for the work. I cannot endure the presence of every one.

When this strange visitor was gone, Lida Campbell sat silent and thoughtful for some time. Her brows were wrinkled from intense thought; her eyes were remarkably bright, as they looked into the fire as though there she find solution for this remarkable event in her commonplace life.

"Perhaps I help her," she said, by and by, with a half-smile upon her red lips—a smile that made her piquant face peculiarly charming. "Perhaps I can help her—who knows! —but it seems to me—and time will show—that that depends altogether upon whether or not I will!"

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR OLDHAM'S REPLY.

Is it not meet
That they who rent the Eden fruit did eat
Should champ the ashes?—*The Seraphim.*

ALBERT OLDHAM, M.D.
West 34th Street
New York.

was finely engraved upon the card which Miss Campbell held in her hand for examination as she waited the response to her ring at the handsome residence of the physician, not at all daunted by the undoubted difficulties before her; for Lida Campbell, in her business connection with the world, knew that this errand of hers was most unique and liable to a discomforting ending. She firmly believed in the irresponsible, but strange visitor of a few days previous, and this undertaking might involve her in unpleasant developments; but she had passed her word to do her best for the woman, and that she would do.

The physician was at that moment engaged, but would see her presently; so she passed into the reception-room and waited what seemed to be a long time, although in reality it was but a scant ten minutes ere she was summoned into the physician's office, and met a fine-looking man in the prime of life, courteous, alert; a handsome room, plain but bearing the unmistakable impress of wealth.

Replying to his salutation and seating herself in the chair placed for her beside the desk, Miss Campbell forgot her momentary embarrassment at the peculiar circumstances of her visit, and made known her errand with her usual frankness of speech.

"I call upon you this morning, Dr. Oldham, not for myself. Are you acquainted with such a person as Olive Price?"

An imperceptible change touched the physician's quiet face; a strange gleam or flicker for an instant marred the cool gray eyes. Miss Campbell's eyes were alert. Nothing of this was lost upon her. She approved of herself inwardly as she watched him.

"I know of such a person—yes. What of her, madam?" he asked.

"She was a classmate of yours, I understand, at college, Doctor Oldham?"

"She was her name!"

"Yes."

"You attended her?"

"I did."

So far, Miss Campbell said to herself, she was doing well. Her self-approval was steadily increasing.

"Doctor Oldham."

"Madam!"

"Can you, as a physician, having attended this woman, say that she is perfectly sane?"

There was a slight hesitation, scarcely an instant's pause, but Miss Lida was noted by those bright dark eyes of Lida Campbell.

"I consider her so, certainly."

"There has been no insanity in her family, doctor? Pardon my questions, but I am placed in peculiar relations with her, and must understand the ground upon which I stand."

Doctor Oldham frowned slightly. His eyes were keen in meeting the bright eyes behind the film of veil over the piquant face.

"So far as I can say, there is no insanity in the family, madam. There is a vein of peculiarity in them all; eccentricity, many would call it. I consider it due to highly strung nerves and intense spirituality. A touch of devil and angel alternately. The mother possessed this characteristic to a powerful degree."

"She is a disciple—a believer—what you will, of hypnotism, doctor; is she not?"

"Yes, madam. She is even more than that. She possesses this intense vein to such an extent, that she is not only a hypnotic, but she even hypnotizes herself. This power in her is marvelous. I have never seen it equaled."

A flash of profound comprehension touched Miss Campbell's eyes; a half-smile stirred her lips.

"Are you a spiritualist, Dr. Oldham?"

A deep frown of annoyance wrinkled his brows. He turned upon his revolving chair to push aside a heap of papers on the desk before him. He had perhaps been unwise in so championing this strange woman. It might injure him professionally should it be known that he was a disciple of such a peculiar mental factor as spiritualism.

Miss Campbell repeated her question ere he replied. She would not be turned from the truth.

He wheeled upon his chair again facing her.

"Perhaps I am—yes—to a certain extent, madam."

"To what extent, doctor?"

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders with a significant glance toward the door, as though suggesting that his time was too valuable to be spent in this argument, "I believe that this old die now my spirit would go out upon the street and be met by others, and that we would be here all the time, mingling with material men and women passing to and fro. Perhaps it is not wise for me to confess this even to you, madam, but I feel constrained to do so, and trust to your discretion in allowing it to go no farther."

"Certainly," Miss Campbell replied, gravely. "I shall respect your feeling, doctor. But will you tell me if this woman is also connected in this strange way with one of our novelists? If so, you will know whom I mean. Was he her lover? Did she use her power over him even so far as to place in his hands the knowledge and material upon which to base his strange romances? She told me that this is so. Pardon me, but I find this difficult to believe."

The physician frowned.

"Nevertheless, it is true," he replied. "Have I not told you that she possesses this power marvelously? I wonder if she did not feel her influence during your conversation with her, Miss Campbell."

"She could have no influence over me," she said. "I am altogether too practical, doctor. This is a very material world to me, in which we have to earn our own living. And so this famous novelist of ours is truly your friend's lover?"

"He was—yes."

"And he left her in this cowardly manner, leaving no trace of his whereabouts?"

"Yes."

"You accept it so calmly?" she queried, a flash in her eyes.

"Have I anything to do with her love," he asked, coldly, "or her hate?"

A flush burned in her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," she said, gently. "After all, what is that to me? Am I not a woman, and would I wish others to seek my heart's depths? But now that we have gone this far, will you kindly tell me why you should have rendered a bill for your services to this woman, if she is a member of your profession, during her illness in this city? As you know, such a thing is not customary, and you must have had strong reasons for doing so."

The physician was growing momentarily more annoyed by this interview. The frown did not lighten from his face, and he struck the legs of his chair sharply with one foot, as though he were too much disturbed for control. His eyes were rather fierce, while looking into the lifted dark eyes of his interlocutor.

"I have my reasons, certainly," he said, coldly. "You will pardon me, madam, but this is a matter between our two selves. I do not feel at liberty to make it known to another."

Miss Campbell's color deepened with sudden embarrassment.

"Pardon me," she said, sweetly and steadily. "I am detaining you, doctor, but it is unavoidable. This friend of yours sent me to you with full liberty to question you regarding herself. I came upon an errand for her, and I must learn what is possible, before I can undertake her commission. I have my reasons, too."

The physician inclined his head with cold courtesy, as a brilliant smile crossed her lips.

"Very well, then, madam, if it is her wish," he said, "I will tell you this: I did not send her a bill for services, although she doubtless considers it such. When she sent for me, saying that she was alone in the city at a strange hotel, I went to her. I have always admired her for her powerful mind. When I arrived at the hotel, I found her very ill and without money. The hotel people were unpleasantly pressing regarding her payment of her bill, and I settled that for her. It was for this, not for professional service, that the bill was sent."

"Surely," said Miss Campbell, hastily, a touch of scorn upon her face, "Doctor Oldham, the wealthy physician, could afford to pay even the hotel bill of a member of his profession—an old classmate—without demanding its repayment."

Doctor Oldham smiled for the first time during the interview. An amused gleam for an instant flashed in his eyes. Tolu was truly a remarkable woman, who had no fear of speaking her mind.

"I could," he said, "certainly, Miss Campbell—if I would. But, as I at first informed you, I had my reasons."

Miss Campbell began to comprehend more fully now. Explanation was not always necessary with her.

"And your reasons are connected with a manuscript of hers, doctor?" she asked, quickly.

He was non-committal.

"Perhaps," he said.

"I ask you," continued Miss Campbell, more quietly, "because I called in reference to that manuscript, doctor. Your friend wishes me to arrange for having it published for her. You tell me that its payment or rather as security for her debt, and still hold it, refusing her demand for its return. Why should you do this if, as you yourself acknowledge, you do not need the money?"

"I have my reasons," he said, frigidly.

But Miss Campbell was not to be daunted.

"Do you object to its publication, Doctor Oldham?"

"Not at all, madam, if she can find a publisher willing to undertake it."

"Why should she not?"

He shrugged his shoulders and arched his brows.

"Why, indeed, madam!"

"Doctor Oldham!" Miss Campbell was rapidly losing her patience. "You have read this manuscript?"

"Yes."

"Is there anything objectionable in it?"

"That depends upon what you call objectionable, madam."

"Is there anything unadvisable—anything immoral in it, doctor?"

"I think that there is," he said.

The warm flush of annoyance touched her face, though still she kept her quiet face.

"Your friend requested me to regain this manuscript for her," she said, icily. "I asked her at that time if there is anything out of the way in it, and she said that there is not, although you consider that there is. She told me that herself. If you have no objection to its publication, providine she can find a publisher, why should you withhold it from her?"

"Because, as I have told you, I consider it advisable," he said.

"But how is she to find a publisher for it if you will not give it up?" repeated Miss Campbell, incisively.

"You or she must arrange that," he said, unmoved. "I am willing that a publisher should come here to see it, but I will not let it go from my possession, madam."

"But you know very well," said Miss Campbell, scornfully, "that no publisher will run about the city searching for uncertain manuscript, Dr. Oldham. If this manuscript is to be read for publication, it must go to the publisher. Mahomet will not go to the mountain will not come to Mahomet to-day any more than in the old story-book days."

"I refuse to let it go from my possession," was the response.

"But I fail to see your right to hold it," protested Miss Campbell, warmly, "as you say that you do not hold it for debt. If she wrote the manuscript and it is hers and she wishes to have it published, how can you prevent it, Dr. Oldham?"

He met her eyes squarely.

"If you had a friend who had accomplished a piece of work that was to make her fortune, madam, and you knew that such an attempt would be followed by discomfort—possibly disgrace to her, would not you, as a true friend of hers, prevent almost any means to prevent such inevitable consequences, Miss Campbell?"

"I comprehend. These consequences would follow her attempt at publication, Dr. Oldham?"

"Undoubtedly. She is a physician. She is even more than a spiritualist. She is a hypnotic to such a degree that she hypnotizes herself, as I have told you. Sometimes while in this state she will wander about the streets with scarcely a mouthful to eat. She loses all traces of time or of what is passing around her. She is like one in a trance, yet capable of movement and intense thought. It was during such time that she composed this manuscript. She is scarcely responsible for the work, but as I know of her temperament and her condition at such times, I consider myself responsible for her. She possesses almost limitless power for harm with her broad ideas of love, her intensity, spirituality and knowledge."

"Has she made use of this broad knowledge in this manuscript, doctor?"

Doctor Oldham frowned upon the persistent woman beside him, and then, meeting the clear, dark eyes so like a child's in depth and sweetness, smiled slowly, as he replied:

"She has done this to some extent, Miss Campbell. She has peculiar ideas regarding social life and laws and many other things, and wrote this manuscrip: from her standpoint."

"In consequence of which you refuse to give it up?"

"I do. I should not otherwise consider myself her friend. When I tell you that this manuscript written under these intense circumstances and with her extraordinary views and ideas—remember, I only say it might—do more harm in its way than that other manuscript written years ago for a novel—as this is—and, being found after the author's death, was accepted as a revelation, and laid as the corner-stone of that deadly stain of Mormonism in our country—you will fully agree with me, I am sure, in my wish to withhold it from effecting harm to its author or others."

Miss Campbell arose and faced the physician quietly, with a shadow upon her face. He also arose courteously, waiting for her to speak.

"I thank you, Dr. Oldham," she said gently, "for your kind attention this morning. I respect your wish to protect your friend. I shall, of course, make known to her my failure in this, and could not in any case undertake its publication. But," the pretty lips were rather stern and the dark eyes searching, "can you honestly say that you consider such a person responsible—fit to be at large—perfectly sane?"

No hesitation now in his ready response.

"Undoubtedly. I consider her perfectly sane, madam."

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING QUESTION.

The day appointed for the return of Miss Campbell's strange visitor came and went, but the woman did not appear. Miss Campbell was not at all disturbed by this, because, in spite of the physician's assurance, she believed the woman a fit subject for an asylum. For might not Dr. Oldham, notwithstanding his position in his professional and social life, claim that he had "reason" for upholding his friend's sanity, even though he at times considered her, as he stated, "irresponsible?"

In one sense, this would be a breach of trust and a resort to unprofessional measures to protect a sister disciple of this uncanny faith; still, might he not argue that outside of those times when these trances were upon her she was perfectly sane and quite harmless?

One, two, three weeks passed, and Miss Campbell had almost forgotten that there was such a person as Olive Price in existence, when one morning, sitting at the desk in the outer office during the absence of Miss Randall, and busy with the business of business with two ladies who desired chaperons, she glanced up toward the outer door with an uncomfortable sensation of uneasiness.

Ordinarily Miss Campbell's nerves were steadily strung; her health was perfect and her disposition kept back the gloomy broodings over life's uneven balance that so many otherwise happy lives. But as she started involuntarily, glancing up, there was good cause to unsettle even a stronger nature than her own. She controlled herself instantly and continued calmly speaking as though nothing had occurred.

But something had occurred!

One half of this outer door was of plate-glass and was draped with a sash curtain of yellow silk gathered up in a slender rod. This was partly drawn aside in the center, and through this she recognized her strange visitor of three weeks previous, peering in upon her, her peculiar, far-away eyes holding some subtle flame, an intentness upon her face as she concentrated her gaze upon Miss Campbell's animated face, that was startling in the extreme.

A half-wild, half-savage, marvelously powerful gaze it was, as though from the fire within herself she would awaken an answering flame in this other woman's soul. And strong though she was, Miss Campbell felt this magnetism, and was for an instant terrified.

To regain her self-control, Miss Campbell turned away her face. When she again glanced toward the door, the woman was gone. But she left behind her an awakened fear in Miss Campbell's breast which, with all her strong common sense and clear judgment, she could not at once shake from her. She was deadly pale—so pale that her visitors questioned if she were ill. It was evident to them that some powerful emotion possessed her. Her lips trembled, too, when she replied to their inquiries.

With a strong assertion of her will, she com-

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manded her terror and controlled her voice, but the pallor would not give place to a faithful color at her bidding. She was more than startled; she was intensely angry with herself for this weakness. Dr. Oldham's words returned to her with new meaning and power:

"I wonder that you have not felt her influence during your conversation with her, Miss Campbell."

Was she, indeed, to feel her influence? Would it be to her harm? She had too much common-sense, too strong a nature to yield to such subtle power without a struggle; but would it overpower even her at length? She could not believe that possible; and yet why should she be so terrified and deadly sick and weak and trembling? Those fiery, beautiful eyes seemed burning into her own still, although the woman herself was gone. If she were present, would it, indeed, be impossible to prove her power?

Nevertheless, she would not yield without a struggle; so she crushed down this startled line of thought and the fear that found place beside it, and replied quietly to the kind inquiries regarding her health, and presently, by her power of concentration, she had utterly routed the influence.

Not until these visitors were gone and she was again alone, awaiting Miss Randall's return, did the thought and sensation return. Then it was with renewed power that set aside all will to overcome it, because there was no immediate object as defence; and once more, glancing instinctively toward the door, Miss Campbell realized that her strange visitor was regarding her from the doorway.

This time, however, she did not go away again. She pushed open the door, and entered gravely and calmly, as though nothing ever had or could ruffle her perfect serenity.

"I have come again, my dear," she said, in her soft, languid, yet intense voice. "I said that I should return, and I am come."

"Yes," said Miss Campbell, crisply, wishing that Miss Randall would hasten. "Will you be seated, madam?"

The woman apparently either did not hear or would not heed the coldly courteous remark. She stood undisturbed before the desk, facing Miss Campbell, yet scarcely glancing at her.

"From your face and from inner convictions, I think that you did not succeed with my friend, Miss Campbell."

"I did not," replied Miss Campbell, unaccountably softening toward this beautiful, calm woman, in spite of the growing anger in her heart at this defeat of her stern determination to have no further intercourse with this woman than mere courtesy demanded.

"He refused to give up the manuscript?"

"Yes."

"I knew that he would before you went," was the cool rejoinder, a half-smile on the quiet face. "I wished to test you, that was all. I wished, too"—the smile grew instantly brilliant, like light upon her face, and died as swiftly—"that you should learn that I had told you the truth."

"Why should I doubt that?" asked Miss Campbell, in a softened voice. "How could I doubt it, madam?"

"Everything I told you he confirmed!"

"Every thing essential—yes."

"And he even went farther," continued this strange woman, for an instant letting her eyes rest upon Miss Campbell's dark eyes with that hint of burning flame within them. "He told you that we are a strange family; that my power is almost limitless; that my mother was intensely an angel and a demon; that she adored my father one moment and hated him as fiercely the next; that she could lift his soul to heaven or cast it down to hell, as her moods dictated. He told you this?"

"Yes."

"Did he also tell you of my brother? I have a brother, Miss Campbell, as I told you. We were to have had the fortune equally, but he won upon our parents, and they left him a paltry sum, and he had the remainder. Did he tell you that my brother falls in the family characteristic of combined fire and ice? That he sets aside his sister's claim, and refuses room in his memory for me, of whom he was afraid even before I gave up my home and family for my lover? No, to all not tell you this! No, he did he tell you"—her right-hand was clenched upon the desk, and she leaned forward with flaming eyes and colorless face—"neither did he tell you that my brother took my father's life! That it was his hand dropped the belladonna into his medicine while he lay ill, of which they tried to accuse me! You start, Miss Campbell. This, too, is truth. I saw him drop the poison myself. I knew that he desired my father's death. I watched him go to my father's room in the dead of night, and I followed him. I was hidden by the curtained doorway, and he does not dream that I know."

A new horror touched Miss Campbell. She was restless and nervous. She could not endure to sit idly listening to these strange revelations.

"If you know that he poisoned your father, why do you not make the truth known?" she demanded, half angrily.

The fire and anger were gone from the woman's face. The far-away look was once more in her eyes.

"You do not understand," she said, quietly. "We tell no tales in our family. He is my brother; why should I have given him up to justice? My father was hard; he made my mother often unhappy. If my brother chose to mete justice to him what had I to say?"

Miss Campbell was growing more and more afraid of this woman who could speak so carelessly of death. She wished that Miss Randall would return. In her heart she believed that she was conversing with an insane person, and she did not know whether or not it was her duty to notify the authorities.

Then the woman crossed the short space between them and paused beside her, laying her hand upon Miss Campbell's shoulder, with her eyes bent steadily down upon Miss Campbell's face. Miss Campbell felt that her color was fluctuating, that her heart was throbbing with new alarm. She was alone.

"My dear," the visitor said, and her voice was now very soft, very persuasive, and very slow, and her magnetic eyes forced herself into the gaze of the dark eyes, "I came to you because I felt that you could help me and because I need help. I knew when I came that you could help me if you would."

"I shall be glad to assist you in any way that I can," said Miss Campbell, with strange apathy. "What is it that you wish?"

The eyes meeting hers seemed for an instant like glowing stars. It seemed to Miss Campbell—and she realized it in a helpless sort of fashion—that this woman with her eyes was drawing her very soul from her. But she could not rise; could not shake off her touch upon her shoulder; could not even command her thought.

A visitor ascending the steps discomfited the woman. She moved uneasily, and withdrew her hand from Miss Campbell's shoulder. The fire left her eyes. Her face was perfectly impassive.

"I have much to say to you," she said, quietly; "but I cannot say it here where we are liable to disturbance. I must see you alone. Can you not grant me a moment in the inner room as upon my first visit?"

Miss Campbell overcame the uncomfortable sensation that had fallen upon her and rose, moving a little away from the woman. Her face was very pale but strong and stern. She feared this Olive Price, this strange woman, who might for all she knew, for all the physician knew, be a fit subject for an asylum. Yet she would not betray her fear more than this patient betrayed it.

"Anything that I can do for you I shall be glad to do, madam," she said, coldly; "but I cannot leave the office until my assistant returns, and even then I can grant you but a very few moments privately. My time is never my own during the day. If you choose to wait until I can see you alone, I will do so."

"Very well. Yes, I will wait," was the quiet reply. "I must speak to you to-day. Added time means only added pain."

She seated herself near the window, leaning back and closing her eyes as though intensely weary; and, Miss Campbell, glancing at her occasionally, while attending to the duties of her callers, felt almost tender pity in her heart for the sorrow that had sifted snow upon that beautiful head and seamed the delicate forehead.

When Miss Randall returned a few minutes later Miss Campbell rose with the strange visitor into her private room, afraid yet brave, repelled yet irresistibly drawn toward her. She had the word of one of the best physicians in the city that she was perfectly sane, yet in her own mind she firmly believed that she was not.

"Now, madam," she said, when they were seated, "I am ready to give you my attention, but I must ask you to detain me no longer than is necessary."

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "I see from your windows that you transact all sorts of business, Miss Campbell."

"Legitimate business, of course," conceded the woman, unmoved. "And commission. You can procure me a lawyer, can you not, if I desire one?"

"Yes," said Miss Campbell, still coldly.

"I wish to make a will. I must have a lawyer for it."

"Your own will?"

The woman eyed her for a moment in silence, and that strange flame touched her eyes.

"Not my own," she said.

Miss Campbell laughed, shrugging her shoulders.

"But you cannot make another's will," she said, easily. She had now no doubt of the woman's insanity. "I could not find you a lawyer for that, madam! You cannot will away another person's property, you know."

Those eyes were still upon her own, but she had regained her spirit and was unmoved.

"No," was the quiet reply. "I know that Miss Campbell, but it could be made to look like his own."

"Whose, madam?"

"I told you I have a brother."

"Yes."

"That all the property went to him save a paltry sum to myself."

"Yes."

"There is nothing stands between the fortune and me but his life! He is prosperous. When he dies the money will come to me. He is young, and there may be a long life for him. He is indifferent to me. He is the president of a stock company here, but his residence is in a town in Connecticut.

"Do you then wish," asked Miss Campbell, very quietly, very distinctly, "to have me secure you a lawyer to forge your brother's will.

The woman nodded. A light came into her face.

"I do," she said.

For a moment Miss Campbell paused. A glow deepened upon her cheeks and her eyes flashed. She started to speak, and paused, as the woman continued, waiting for no reply:

"I have a special commission for you, Miss Campbell. I was impelled to come to you, assured that you would assist me in it. I have told you much, reserving little. Can you find you a man to fill the position of valet—one who is faithful and silent—one who will obey without questioning? I wish such a man to be about my brother constantly; to serve him; to obey implicitly. As I told you, my brother refuses to recognize me. I would myself see that he was well cared for. He is my brother, in spite of his unkindness to me.

"But, surely," Miss Campbell said, inwardly troubling with excitement, but outwardly calm, "your brother has servants of his own household to attend him; has he not, madam?"

"Yes. But I wish some one to go whom I know, whom I can trust. My brother might be very ill—who knows?—he might even die, Miss Campbell!"

Lida Campbell arose. The flash in her eyes and the glow on her cheeks were brilliant. The slim fingers of one hand grasped the back of her chair for support. She was drawn to her full height.

"Do you mean to tell me, madam"—she commanded her voice with an effort and spoke very slowly—"that you wish me not only to secure you a lawyer who will forge you a will but also a man to murder your brother?"

Not the quiver of an eyelash, not a change in the immovable face, only the warning fire in the great magnetic eyes now steadily fixed upon Miss Campbell's excited face, as the visitor replied distinctly:

"Why not! Did not my brother murder my father? Is it not retribution? It will be a magnificent fortune—almost beyond your belief—and I will give you one half of it if you will help me!"

(To be Continued.)

A Regular Snare.

Patriotic Stranger (looking for a laundry)—Yankee laundry, that's the place for me. No more Chinese washing for me. I'll go there if it is four miles.

Patriotic Stranger.—Great Scott, but them Chinese do beat all!

At the Newsboy's Mission School.

Teacher (to Mickey)—Now, Mickey, you read the lessons to me first and then tell me, with the book closed, what you read.

Mickey—(reading)—See the cow. Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs swifter than the cow. (Closing up his book to tell what he has read.) Get onto de cow. Kin her lig-steps run? Be'cher'life she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse.

Noble.

"That was a sacrifice."

"What?"

"Barton wouldn't go bathing at Seabright because he didn't want people to know he had a cork leg; but when a girl that snubbed him was thought to be drowning Barton took the leg off and threw it out to her. It saved her life."

The Family Honor.

Much of the story of the Glendowie Monster, now on the tongues of all in the north who are not afraid to speak, has been known in tattle fancies since the night of September 4, 1890, when that happened which sent the country to bed with long candles for the rest of the month. I was at Glendowie Castle that night, and I heard the scream that made nigh two hundred people suddenly stand still in the dance; but of what is now being said I take no stock, thinking it damning to a noble house; and of what was said before that night I will repeat only the city tittle-tattle from which I, as a child, from which I take to be human rather than the worst horror of all, as some would have it. Thus I am left with almost enough to tell save what I saw or heard at the castle on the night of the fourth of September; and to those who would have all things accounted for, it will seem little, though for me more than enough.

There are those in Glendowie who hold that this Thing has been in the castle, and there held down by chains, since the year 1200, when the wild Lady Mildred gave it birth and died of sight of it; and, in the daylight (but never before or since), they will speak the name of her lover, and so account for 1200 A. D. being known in the annals of that house, not as a year of our Lord, but as the year of the devil. I am not sufficiently old-fashioned for that story, and rather believe that the Thing was never in the castle until the coming home from Africa of the last of the Left-Handed Earls, Left-Handed Earl, which happened a matter of seventy years ago. The secret manner of his coming and his odd-looking attendant, and with a wild story of his clearing the house of all other servants for fifteen days, during which he was not idle, raised a crop of scandal that has not yet been cut in the tittle-tattle. To be plain, it is said by those who believe witchcraft to be done with, that the Left-Handed Earl brought the Thing from Africa, and in fifteen days had a home made for it in the castle—a home that none could find the way to, save himself and a black servant, who frequently disappeared for many days at a time, yet was known always to be within whistle of his master. Men said furtively that this Thing was the heir, and again there was the devil's shadow in the story, as it the devil could be a woman.

Half and more years ago the Left-Handed Earl died, and they will tell you of a three days' search for a minister brave enough to pray by the open coffin, and that, in the middle of the prayer, the mourners rose to their feet and ran out of the room, because of something squatting on the corpse's chest. There are many such stories of the Thing, against which all who might have seen shun their eyes so quickly that no two drew the same likeness. But this is no great matter, for what they say they say I will not tell, and I would that none had ever told me.

There have been four earls since then; but, if the story of the Thing be true, one of them is lawful earls. Yet until the fourth of September, 1890, since the time of the Left-Handed Earl, it has always been the same black servant who waited on the Thing, so that many marveled and called these two one, as they were not. Of the earls I have nothing to tell but could not be told by other men, save this, that they paced their halls by night, and have ever had an air of listening, not to what was being said to them, but as if they heard a small cry from beyond. And I have heard tell that, though brave men in war, they would not go into a dark place, even for a wife, which was the bribe offered to one of them.

It is the Monster's love of children; and though, until the fourth of September, 1890, I never believed what was told of the Thing and these children, I believe it now. What they say is, that it was so savage that no other black servant could have gone within reach of it and lived; yet with children scarce strong enough to walk, save on all-fours, it would play for hours even as they played, but with a mother's care for them. There are men of all ages in these parts who hold that they were with it in their childhood and loved it, though now they shudder at a picture they recall, I think, but vaguely. And some of them, doubtless, are liars. It may be wondered why the men of Glendowie dared let a child into the power of one that would have broken themselves across its knee; and two reasons are given: the first, that it be only when there were children in the castle and would have broken down walls to reach them had they not been brought to it; the other, that compassion forbade their not to give it the only pleasure it knew. Of these children some were of the tenantry and others of guests in the castle, and I have not heard of one who dreaded the monster. To them it ever seems to have been lovable; and, if half of the stories be true, they would let it toss them sportively in the air, and they would sit with their arms around its neck while it made toys for them of splinters of wood, or music by rattling its chains. I need not say that care was taken to keep these meetings from the parents of the children, in which conspiracy the children unconsciously joined, for their pleasant prattle of their new friend allayed suspicion rather than roused it. Nevertheless, queer rumors arose in recent times, which, I daresay, few believed who came from a distance; yet were they sufficiently disquieting to make guests leave their children at home, and, as I understand, on the fourth of September, 1890, several years had passed since a child had slept in the castle. On that night there were many guests and one child, who had been in bed for some hours when the Thing broke loose.

The occasion was the coming of age of the heir, and seldom, I suppose, has there been such a company in a house renowned for hospitality. There were many persons from distant parts, which means London, and of the great folk of our country, with others not so great in that gathering, though capable of making a show for one's money. After the dancing began no man is ever a prominent figure in a room to those who are there merely to look on, as I was; and I now remember, as the hours flew by, my eyes followed with greatest pleasure, our hostess, a woman of winning manners, yet cold when need be, and the lady who was shortly to become her daughter, a beautiful girl, pretty to look at when her lover, the heir, was by her side. I know that nearly all present that night speak now of a haggard look on the face of the old woman, and of quick glances between him and his wife; I know they say that the heir danced much to keep himself from thinking, and that he danced chiefly in the waists of his partners; I know the story that he had learned of the existence of the Thing that night. But I was present, and I was personally at the time all thought, as I did, that never was a gayer scene even at Glendowie, never a host and hostess more cordial, never a merry-eyed heir more anxious to be courteous to all and more than courteous to one. The music was a marvel for the country. Dance succeeded dance. The hour was late, but another waltz was begun. Then suddenly—

And at once the music stopped and the dancers were as still as stone figures. It had been a horrible, inhuman scream, so loud and shrill as to tear a way through all the walls of the castle; a scream not; a scream of triumph. I think it must have lasted half a minute, and then came silence, but still no one moved; we waited as if after lightning for the thunder.

The first person I saw was the earl. His face was not white, but gray. His teeth were fixed and he was staring at the door, waiting for it to open. Some men hastened to the door, and he cast out his arms and drove them back. But he never looked at them. The heir I saw with his hands over his face. Many of the men stepped in front of the women. There was no whispering, I think. We all turned our eyes to the door.

Some ladies screamed (one, I have heard, swooned; but we gave her not a glance) when the door opened. It was only the African servant who entered, a man most of us had heard of but few had seen. He made a sign to the earl, who drew back from him and then stepped forward. The heir hurried to the door, and some of us heard this conversation:

"Not you, father; me."

"Stay here, my son; I entreat, I command."

"Both," said the servant, authoritatively; and then they went out with him and the door closed.

The dancing was resumed almost immediately. This is a strange thing to tell. Only a woman could have forced us to seem once more to be at ease; but she, horrid creature! was woman was our hostess. As the door closed, my eyes met her, and I saw that she had been spending the musicians. She was smiling graciously, as if what had occurred had been but an amusing interlude. I saw her take her place beside her partner, and begin the waltz again with the music. All looked at her with amazement, dread, pity, suspicion, but they had to dance. "Does she know nothing?" I asked myself, overwhelmed by laughing merrily as she was whirled past me. Or was this the woman's part in the tragedy while the men were doing their? What were they doing? It was whispered in the ball-room that they were in the open, looking for something that had escaped from the castle.

An hour, I daresay, passed, and neither the earl nor his son had returned. The dancing went on, but it had become an uncanny scene, and I was trying to read the cheerless face, the men uncomfortable, as if feeling that they should be elsewhere, many of the women weeping, only the musicians in high spirits. But this time it was known to all of us that the door of the ball-room was locked on the outside. Guests had our hostess good-night, but could rule no further. One man dared request her to bid the servants unlock the door, and she smiled and asked him for the next waltz.

About two o'clock in the morning, many of us heard a child's scream, that came, as we thought, from the hall of the castle. A moment afterward we again heard it—this time from the shrubbery. I saw the countess shake with fear at least, but it was only for a moment. Already she was beckoning to the musicians to continue playing. One of the guests stopped them by raising his hand; he was the child's father.

"You must bid your servants unbar that door," he said to the countess, sternly, "or I will force it open."

"You can not leave this room, Sir——," she answered quite composedly; and then he broke out passionately, fear for his child mastering him. Something crashed on the hall door.

"There is some one on the other side of that door who would not hesitate to kill you," she spoke of the native servant.

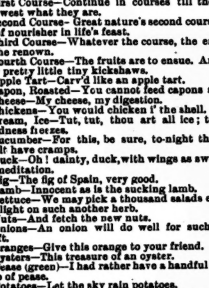
"Order him to open the door."

"I will not."

In another moment the door would have been broken open had she not put her back against it. Her eyes were now flashing. The men looked at each other in doubt, and some of them, I saw, were turning their faces from the door. It was then that we heard the report of a gun.

It is my belief that the countess saved the life of her guest by preventing his leaving the ball-room. For close on another hour she stood at the door, and the servants gathered round her like men ready to support their mistress. We were now in groups, whispering and listening, and I shall tell what I heard, believing it be all that was heard by any of us, though some of those present that night now tell stranger tales. I heard a child laughing, and I dare not tell that we were made to hear it, to appease the parents' fear. I heard the tramp of men in the hall and on the stairs, and afterward an unpleasant dirge from above. Another drove up the avenue, and stopped at the door. Then came heavy noises on the stair, as of some weight being slowly moved down it.

"They have carried off the heir," I said; returned to the ball-room, but no one was allowed to leave it until daybreak. I lost sight of the countess and the earl came in, but many say that he whispered something to her, to which she replied, "Thank God!" and then fainted. No explanation of this odd affair was given to the company; but it is believed that the Thing, whatever it was, was shot that night and taken away by the heir and the servant to Africa, there to be buried.



Bloster (writing to head of firm):

DEAR SIR,—It will be impossible for me to get down to business to-day, as my wife has sent me the only pair of trousers to a meeting of the Chattalker Women's Dress Reform Association. I shall be on hand early to-morrow, as I intend to put them on when she retires and remain in them all night. Yours truly,

JAY BLOSTER.

Mottoes For Menu Cards.

The most simple matters of daily occurrence as well as events of the most momentous consequence are capable of illustration from the writings of our great poets. In the following selection we have supplied mottoes from our greatest poet for only a few viands. But should any reader care to amuse herself by searching for additional ones, we are pretty certain she will find quotations to suit almost every article in the cookery book.

First Course—Continue in courses till thou knowest what they are.

Second Course—Great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

Fish—Full fathom—Whatever the course, the end is the renown.

Fourth Course—The fruits are to ensue. And an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.

Apple Tart—Cart'd like an apple tart.

Capon, Roasted—You cannot feed capons so.

Cheese—My cheese, my digestion.

Chickens—You would chide, if I the shell.

Cream, Ice—Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes.

Cucumber—For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps.

Duck—Oh! dainty, duck, with wings as swift as meditation.

Figs—The fig of Spain, very good.

Lamb—Innocent as is the sucking lamb.

Lettuce—We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Nuts—And fetch the new nuts.

Onions—An onion will do well for such a shift.

Oranges—Give this orange to your friend.

Oysters—This treasure of an oyster.

Pancakes—I had rather have a handful or two of pease.

Potatoes—Let the sky rain potatoes.

Prunes and Prisms—Prisms, sounds of prunes and as many relations o' the sun.

Pudding (plum)—Blessed pudding, the more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns.

Quince Pie—They call for quinces in the pastry.

Salmon—Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

Shad—A very fresh fish here.

Snipe—I should time expend with such a snipe.

Soup—Expect upon meat.

A Redeeming Feature.

"I don't see how you can stand that fellow Harlow!"

"Why not? There are certain things about him that I like immensely."

"For instance?"

"A steam yacht."

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USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. I. R. Sanford, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent for headaches and other nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."

Moonlight Persiflage in London.

"That's a magnificent star, Irving," said Mr. Burnand to the eminent actor, pointing to Jupiter.

"Yes; but it isn't in it with me," returned Irving. "It can't play Hamlet."

"No. That's were you're alike," said Burnand.

Capilline is a nicely perfumed and perfectly limpid hair restorer, containing no powder in suspension like all other restorers, which makes their use so disagreeable.

The End of the Argument.

Meyerstein—You owe a greed feller to put on airs, aind it? I remembers your gran'fader vos noddings but dey villacks hangman in Poland.

Blumenroth—Yaw! I remembers dot too, unt your gran'fader vos der lad von he hangt! (And then the clawing begad.)

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I CURE FITS!

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DUNN'S DELICIOUS CUSTARD IN FIVE MINUTES POWDER

SUPPLIES A DAILY LUXURY.

Music.

What one would naturally suppose to be the principal musical event of the week was the visit of the Annandale-Hamilton Opera Company. Perhaps it was. It is announced to be built upon the lines and remains of the Emma Abbott Opera Company, and in many respects it was. Judging from the only performance I was able to attend up to the time of writing, I should say it was very much like the Emma Abbott Opera Company. There was the same brave "do or die," no matter whether it be good or bad in its results. Trovatore was the opera, and I could not help thinking what a picnic a critic would have had on Monday night, had he never heard of either Verdi or Trovatore. He would have slated opera, composer, soloists and chorus, to say nothing of the dog—I mean orchestra. Even with a full orchestra Trovatore to-day seems thin, weak and vapid, and is so. The strings have little to do but "vamp," and the wind plays mostly in unisons. Yet how very thoroughly Trovatore had at one time won the affections of the English public! And how enthusiastically the youngsters of twenty-five years ago raved over its beauties! Probably much of the feeling of disenchantment that we felt on Monday evening was due to the fact that the opera was presented with a chorus of only twenty, which comes hard on an opera that has only two scenes for full chorus. Then there was only the stock scenery, a brick house doing duty for Leonora's castle!

*

But above all the principals were strikingly devoid of the qualities which inspire an audience to satisfaction, to say nothing of enthusiasm. Miss Annandale as Azucena acted well, and in her singing gave out good low and good high notes, but her medium register was very unmusical. Manrico was sung by Senor Pache, whose nationality I judge from his title to be Spanish. He sang in English, but made some funny breaks. In the Di Quella Pira he sang about "my mother . . . I never will desert he." Otherwise he sang agreeably, though his method lacks breadth. His tone is narrow and nasal. He gave out a very successful high C in the before mentioned aria and was loudly recalled. Miss Eva Cummings as Leonora was fairly acceptable. She has a good voice and uses it with discretion and taste, but is rather lacking in dramatic power. Senor Chorasta, another son of sunny Spain, sang the part of the Count di Luna, but sang it in Italian. I suppose that somewhere over the border it is good style to have at least one singer in the company who cannot or will not sing in English. It gives the company the appearance of being so particular, that foreigners have to be secured as English-speaking singers of the requisite excellence are not to be had. Be that as it may, Senor Chorasta was the best singer and artist in the company, though he was a little freakish in the Il Balen aria. Mr. Guiss's Ferrando was a tolerable performance. The chorus was uncertain though composed of good voices. The orchestra, slightly augmented, was similarly wavering. Of the late performances I shall speak next week.

*

On Tuesday evening a Service of Praise was held at Erskine Presbyterian church, which was well attended. The choir, under Mr. Arthur Hewitt, organist and choirmaster of the church, sang several anthems in excellent style. The soloists, Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Mrs. Pringle, the Misses Westman, Messrs. Gorrie, E Stouffer, McIntyre and, last but not least, Sims Richards, all sang most acceptably.

*

A most pleasing series of entertainments was inaugurated on Tuesday by Messrs. Farwell & Glendon. They invited friends to this recital and were, no doubt, hugely pleased to see the large audience, which overflowed from the upstairs room to the lower floor. The baby grand piano was played on by Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Minnie Gaylord, all of whom did credit both to themselves and to the very fine instrument upon which they played. The vocalists were Mrs. Percy Greenwood, Miss Gaylord, Mr. Harold Jarvis, and Mr. E. W. Schuch. Miss Gaylord took the place of Mrs. Shilton, who was unable to attend, owing to indisposition. This young lady achieved a distinct success, her singing of the Staccato Caprice being wonderfully neat and elegant. Her voice is not large, but full of "carrying quality" and her performance generally is refined and artistic. Mr. Jarvis sang beautifully and now excels in the management of his voice, securing great effects of shading and expression. Mrs. Percy Greenwood, wife of the former organist of All Saints' church, has lately come to Toronto and made her *debut* on this occasion. She has a very pleasing contralto voice and an agreeable style, as shown in her rendering of O Mio Fernando. Mr. Schuch was well suited in his song The King of the Road, and sang well in duetts with Miss Gaylord and Mr. Jarvis.

*

This afternoon at four o'clock Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, will give an organ recital embracing a versatile programme of music.

*

Mr. W. Edgar Buck has tendered the Children's Aid Society (recently established, being an outcome of the Fresh Air Fund) a benefit entertainment, at which will be given his concert lecture on The Voice in Speech and Song, as presented by Mr. Buck at musical centers in England. Several amateur vocalists will assist, and the concert will be under the auspices of the officers and members of the Toronto Vocal Society, and will take place about the middle of November.

*

The Boston Symphony Club has been reorganized and now embraces many excellent artists of more than ordinary repute. This club will give two concerts in Toronto on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon.

METRONOME.

The cream colored horses that draw the Queen of England's carriage upon state occasions trace their pedigree back to the time of George the First, horses of that hue having from time immemorial been in the especial service of the Electors of Hanover. For ordinary use Queen Victoria employs four gray horses driven by servants in dark livery, but the cream-colored steeds, known as the "sacred Hanoverians," are seldom seen by the public except when they are exercised in the early morning, or when the Queen appears at some great public function. At her coronation she was drawn by such horses as these attached to the "gilded ark," built in 1761. This is seventeen feet long and weighs four tons.

Shortem Shy and Herbert Spencer.

Shortem Shy plays round my knee
While I read Herbert Spencer,
But still the more I read and read
My ignorance grows denser;
For Shortem Shy decries my taste
And tells me every minute,
"Say, papa, I don't like that book,
There ain't no lions in it."

Now Herbert Spencer is a great,
A world-compelling thinker;
No heavy plummet line of truth
Goes deeper than his sinker.
But one man reads his work way through
For thousands that begin it,
They leave one-half the leaves uncut—
"There ain't no lions in it."

The age-old errors in their den
Does Herbert Spencer throttle,
And ranks with Newton, Bacon, Kant,
And ancient Aristotle.
The mighty homage of the few—
Three towering giants win it,
The millions shun their hunting ground,
"There ain't no lions in it."

I leave this metaphysic swamp,
Talk grown with sturdy scions,
And roam the Meadows of Romance,
With Shortem and his lions.
He brings his gaudy Noah's Ark book
And begs me to begin it;
"Better than Hubbut Pencer book,
That ain't no lions in it."

"Now wead about the efalunt
So big he scares the people;
An' wead about the kangerwoo
Who jumps up on the people."
So I take up the Noah's Ark book,
And sturdily begin it,
And read about the "efalunt"
And lions that are in it.

Shortem will grow in soberness,
His life become intenser,
Some day he'll drop his "efalunt"
And take up Herbert Spencer.
But life can have no happier years
Than glad years that begin it,
And life sometimes grows dull and tame
That has no lions in it.

S. W. FOSS.

Toronto's Festival of 1886

AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS.

DEAR METRONOME.—You somewhat fearless remarks in SATURDAY NIGHT of September 26, in reference to the proposed festival of 1892, appears to have provoked a very erroneous statement from your correspondent Handell, which appeared in your issue of October 3. The purport of the same being misleading, I deem it a privilege to introduce to your readers a few criticisms, in brief, from the Toronto and Buffalo papers, which fully expressed in my opinion the public mind at that time. The opinions of Handell associated in the same article with the statement I allude to are not of sufficient importance to write a reply. Let the next year's festival be what it may generally and specifically, it is not my privilege to prematurely suggest, but one thing is certain, the scheme will not be any the more easily promoted by attempts to discount our festival of 1886. Aside from all defects which may or may not have existed owing to the amateur condition of our city, comparatively speaking, as to orchestral work, none fail to remember the unanimous verdict of both the public and the press summed up in the following words, "an unqualified success." The misleading statement by your correspondent Handell reads, "Your timely remarks concerning the proposed musical festival must have been read with feelings of the greatest interest by all desirous of seeing a scheme floated which should be, in every sense of the word, a credit to the city and secure for her a respected place among the musical centers of this continent. The festival of 1886 cannot be said to have accomplished this for us." In contradiction I offer the following press criticisms which may serve a two-fold purpose—that of reliable information to the new arrivals among our musicians, as well as to refresh the memory of your apparently prejudiced—otherwise ill-informed—correspondent, Handell.

The Toronto *Mail*, June 16, 1886, says: "The opening concert of the first Toronto festival which was given last night, was a brilliant inauguration of the most important musical enterprise ever undertaken in this city. The scheme was one of great magnitude. The same journal continues on June 18: "The musical festival was brought to a successful close last night. . . . Summarizing the festival, it may be said to have proved a remarkable success."

The *Globe* of June 11, 1886, says: "Started by the energy of one man, Mr. F. H. Torrington, who had the courage and enterprise to put into actual and substantial work what others had been sighing and wishing for, the ball was kept rolling by the commission who, with commendable public spirit and perseverance, did not rest till a guarantee fund of over $25,000 was subscribed and all arrangements made for the presentation of a festival which has never been excelled in any city the size of Toronto, and which has been equalled only in the larger centers." In its issue of June 13 following, the *Globe* says: "The closing concert of the festival was a fitting ending to the series of successes which have characterized the enterprise. It was a triumphant success even financially."

The *Evening Telegram*, June 18, 1886, states: "Last night wound up the musical festival which everyone looks back upon with satisfaction and pride. Toronto has reason to feel proud of its musical festival. The audience and chorus went home unanimously agreeing that the musical festival had been an unqualified success."

The Toronto *News*, July 13, 1886, says: "The fourth and final concert came off last night. All of Toronto's leading musicians including some of the best soloists of the country occupied seats in the chorus and worked with a will so that the fine rendering of the chorus is not to be wondered at."

The *World*, June 16, 1886, says: "If the opening night of the great festival was an unqualified success what must the second and third concerts be called? There ought to be no hesitation in perpetuating such an admirable scheme. Let the festival become an established institution."

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* of same date says: "The chorus number one thousand voices, and for volume and brilliancy of tone, certainty of attack, precision in execution and general appearance, it is certainly equal to if it does not surpass any similar body ever heard in North America."

Would time and space allow I might refer with advantage to the report of the Festival finance committee, which includes an expression of their high appreciation of the grand success which had been achieved. I trust this will suffice to correct any wrong impressions made by Handell in his reference to our Festival of 1886 and put in a quietus on any similar attempt to discount what we all know to have been "an unqualified success."

Sincerely yours,
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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

E MacNachtan of Cobourg. Promptly on time the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her uncle, Mr. Andrew Deacon. She looked exceedingly lovely, and was attired in a gown of white corded bengaline trimmed with *chiffon* snowdrops, lilies of the valley and orange blossoms. The maids of honor were Miss McGill and Miss Mollie Cartwright, two of the fairest of Kingston's belles. Miss McGill wore pink crepe trimmed with *chiffon* and hat to match. Miss Cartwright's gown was cream-colored crepe, trimmed with *chiffon*, and hat to match. They each carried a large bouquet of roses. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the residence of Col. McGill, where the wedding breakfast was served. As the bride and groom were leaving for the east, they were vociferously cheered by the cadets of the R. M. C., and showered with rice and old shoes. On her return Mrs. Roberts will be At Home at her residence on College street, after October 19.

•

The At Home lately held by the Little Maids, Club at 52 St. Alban street was even more successful than those that preceded it. The net proceeds amounted to one hundred and twelve dollars. Of this sum fifty dollars has been handed to the Infants' Home for the support of a destitute child, and the balance increases an endowment fund for the same purpose. This is the fourth of these annual At Homes, and when we realize the amount of work these very young "maids" must have done during each year, we feel a great deal of credit is due to them for their perseverance and industry, and wish them even still greater success in the future in their labor of love.

•

Miss Anna Vhay of Detroit is visiting Mrs. Charlie Lugsdin of 40 Park Road.

•

Mrs. A. B. Barry and Miss Armstrong, her sister, have returned to town after summering at the Island.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Mackid, formerly of Barrie, and Miss McKay of Orangeville, sister of Mrs. Mackid, are now residing at 194 Macdonell avenue.

•

Miss Ethel Read of Sussex avenue is visiting Mrs. Garrett in Chatham.

•

Mrs. Worthington has bought Aurora Point, Muskoka, the summer residence of the late Miss Caroline Jarvis, and intends building a rustic cottage in place of the present structure.

•

Miss Belford and Miss Edith Belford have returned to Ottawa after spending a fortnight with Mrs. Bendelari of Wellesley Place.

Coming Musical Attractions.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Blind Boone Concert Company will appear at the Auditorium. Boone is a negro, and is said to perform the most difficult selections from the best composers with unusual brilliancy. He is supported by a fine concert company, and has been praised in the highest terms for his performances in the west. The prices are very reasonable and he should command a large business.

Apropos of musical engagements, Master Albert Stettenbenz who sings here on October 15 and 16, seems to have been a drawing attraction in other cities. It is said that his voice is a wonderfully rich soprano of great power and sweetness, and that he handles it with great delicacy and care.

Grand Opera House

THREE NIGHTS, COMMENCING

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Nelson Wheatcroft	Minnie Seligman
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J. W. Shannon	Helen Bancroft
George Leslie	Jane Stuart
George Backus	Vida Croly
Gustave Frankel	Annette Leland
Frederick Perry	Frances Drake
Alfred Palmer	Jennie Leland
Etc.	Etc.

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GEOFFREY MIDDLETON, GENTLEMAN

By Martha Morton, winner of the New York *World's* prize play, The Merchant.

Friday Evening and Saturday Matinee

A MODERN MATCH

By Clyde Fitch, author of Beau Brummell.

Although this is the most expensive dramatic organization in America there will be

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

October 12, 13 and 14

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TWO ENGAGEMENTS IN ONE

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America's Foremost Boy Soprano

(Soprano Soloist, Trinity Church, Buffalo)

WILL BE ASSISTED BY

Sara Lord Bailey

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TWO APPEARANCES

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS

October 15 and 16

Prices—50c., 35c., 25c.

Plan open at Auditorium Book Store and Offices, Queen Street West, on Tuesday, October 13, at 10 a.m.

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BLIND TOM OUTDONE BY

BLIND BOONE

(Of whom the press and people of the whole country have given such generous words of praise)

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AUDITORIUM

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday Matinee, Oct. 12, 13, 14, 3 p.m.

Free list for Monday's Concert to musical critics and clergy.

See particulars in Saturday's *Mail*.

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Who has had the active management for some time. The

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part of the business will be attended to as usual by MR. A. S. WARD, who has been with Mr. Dixon for the PAST SIX YEARS, and who has given the

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See circulars, or register any time.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The Misses M. and F. Henderson are making an extended visit in Albany. Their father, Mr. Jno. Henderson, is with them.

Miss Bertha Holmes has returned from a long visit to friends in Toronto and elsewhere.

Miss Mildred O'Brien and Miss D. DesBarres, who were visiting Mrs. Ardagh, have returned to their homes in Toronto.

Miss Winnie Buchan has returned to Toronto after visiting Mr. H. B. Spotten.

Miss Alice Tyrrwhit of Cookstown is the guest of Mrs. Raikes.

Miss Nannie Baker has returned from a twelve months' trip to the United Empire.

Miss Laidlaw of Toronto is visiting her uncle Mr. J. H. McKeggie.

Miss Ethel Spry has returned from a visit to Toronto.

Mrs. J. H. Esten of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, is visiting her son, Mr. G. H. Esten.

Dr. Morton left last Monday morning for a six months' trip around the world, going by San Francisco. His practice will be ably looked after by his son, Dr. Reginald Morton, who has just returned from walking the hospitals in Switzerland and other countries of Europe.

Miss A. Dyment is visiting friends in Hamilton.

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Sea King Waltz—very pretty air—by C. Bohner. Whaley, Royce & Co.

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Births.

ACHESON—Sept. 29, Mrs. George Acheson—a daughter.
SULLIVAN—Oct. 5, Mrs Thomas Sullivan—a son.
SMITHETT—Rochester, Sept. 25, Mrs. C. Smithett—a son.
HOWE—Sept. 30, Mrs. E. H. Howe—a son.
CRICKMORE—Sept. 30, Mrs. Edwin Crickmore—a son.
BASSON—Blenheim, Sept. 30, Mrs. A. Samson—a son.
DOOLITTLE—Sept. 29, Mrs. F. E. Doolittle—a son.
MOORE—Sept. 27, Mrs. A. R. Moore—a son.
MACPHERSON—Islington, Oct. 2, Mrs. J. A. L. Macpherson—a daughter.
RAMSAY—Hamilton, Oct. 6, Mrs. W. T. Ramsay—a daughter.
MONTIZAMBERT—Port Hope, Oct. 1, Mrs. J. R. Montizambert—a daughter.
MANLY—Oct. 5, Mrs. J. H. Manly—a daughter.
LEROY—Oct. 2, Mrs. E. B. LeRoy—a daughter.
ALLEN—Oct. 1, Mrs. W. C. Allen—a daughter.

Marriages.

ROUGH—BEASLEY—At St. Mark's church, Parkdale, on Wednesday, Oct. 7, by Rev. Chas. L. Ingles, John W. Rough to Lil le Maud, eldest daughter of Mr. M. B. Beasley of Parkdale.
GILBERT—BRITTON—Kingston, Sept. 30, P. H. Gilbert to Julia F. Britton.
JOHNSTON—DAWSON—Sept. 30, Rev. Robt. Johnston to Mary Dawson.
WANLESS—GREGG—Oct. 1, John Wanless to Mary E. Gregg.
GORDON—WILSON—Oct. 6, Dr. A. R. Gordon to Emma Louise Wilson.
PENESTON—COURTENAY—Chicago, Ill., Sept. 29, Robt. S. Peneston to Bertie Courtenay.
CURRY—NIXON—Oct. 1, Harry Curry to Tillie Nixon.
ROY—BRYAN—Oct 1, F. M. Roy to Carrie Bryan.
WOOD—HOOPER—Sept. 30, Ernest J. Wood to Annie E. M. Hooper.
MOWAT—GREIG—Sept. 30, Frederick Mowat to Lucy Greig.
MILNER—FLAVELLE—Lindsay, Sept. 29, W. S. Milner to Margaret E. Flavelle.
SMITH—ROGERS—Grafton, William H. Smith to Mary E. Rogers.
BRACE—MORGAN—Richmond Hill, Sept. 30, W. O. Brace to Sarah E. Morgan.
MILLS—VARDON—Norwich, Sept. 30, James Mills to Nellie Vardon.
BIRRELL—BEGGS—Sept. 30, James S. Birrell to Harriett Beggs.
MOORE—FINKLE—Sept. 30, Richard Moore to Libbie M. Finkle.

Deaths.

CASTLE—Oct. 4, Ethel May Castle, aged 12 months.
HUTCHINSON—Alliston, Oct. 2, Geo. Hutchinson, aged 66.
JARDINE—Sunderland, Sept. 28, John H. Jardine, aged 22.
DRAKE—St. Catharines, Sept. 29, Thomas C. Drake, aged 52.
BROWNELL—Detroit, Oct. 18, Rev. D. E. Brownell, aged 54.
NEILD—Oct. 5, Peter H. Neild, aged 52.
NISBET—Dunbarton, Sept. 29, Peter Nisbet, aged 82.
RANNIE—Chatham, September 26, Cassie J. H. Rannie, aged 15.
JAY—Oct 1, Adelaide M. M. Jay, aged 15.
ARMSTRONG—Sept 30, Mrs. Mary Armstrong, aged 57.
FRASER—Sept. 29, James Fraser, aged 63.
GREEN—Sept. 30, Charles Harvey Green, aged 12 months.
COOK—Meaford, Sept. 20, William Gibson Cook, aged 8.
WESLEY—Oct 4, Ida B. Wesley.
SCOTT—East Zorra, Rev. Robert Scott, aged 55.
DIXON—Wood Lake, Oct. 2, S. J. Dixon, aged 40
ROGERS—King Township, Sept. 1 D. A. Rogers, aged 30.
ROGERS—King Township, Sept. 15, Ella Rogers, aged 21.
ROGERS—King Township, Oct. 5, James Rogers, aged 87.
HOLTERMAN—Brantford, Oct. 1, C. F. Holterman, aged 62.
HARDY—Oct 4, Florence May Hardy, aged 11.
MONTGOMERY—Oct. 3, Marion E. Montgomery, aged 2 months.
McDONAGH—Oct. 4, Eliza McDonagh.
TAYLOR—Drummondville, Oct. 2, William H. Taylor, M.D.
WANLESS—Mary E. Wanless, aged 12 months.
FERRIS—Kingston, Oct. 1, Mrs. Mary J. Ferris, aged 62.
THOMPSON—Oct. 2, William Thompson, aged 40.
WARREN—Oct. 1 John S. Warren, aged 28

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All goods have been marked down below cost, including our new importations of
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As the whole stock must be disposed of in short order, you may expect bargains such as have never been offered in Toronto.
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Elegant Hip Seamed Coats	10 to 37	Charming Spanish Capes	7 to 50
Beautiful Embroidered Jackets	10 to 25	Comforting Evening Cloaks	10 to 50
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Grand Fur Lined Garments			18 to 75

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You will find the great establishment of Harry Collins, where you can get the best assortment of Stoves, Ranges and General Housefurnishings in the city. It will pay you to remember which corner it is around, and it will pay you to find the establishment afterwards; for there, in the best equipped and appointed store in the city, is the finest variety of general housekeepers' goods that have ever been offered, and at prices that will ensure a certain sale. The address is around the north-west corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, and opposite the Grand Opera House. The name is one of the best known in the city.
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